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LESLIE'S WEEKLY

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New York, February 9, 1905

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THE HEART OF NEW YORK AFTER THE BLIZZARD.

MADISON SQUARE, AT THE INTERSECTION OF BROADWAY, FIFTH AVENUE, AND TWENTY-THIRD STREET, ALMOST IMPASSABLE FROM HUGE DRIFTS OF SNOW THAT PARALYZED BUSINESS FOR SEVERAL DAYS.—*Levick.*

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LESLIE'S WEEKLY

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY IN THE UNITED STATES

Vol. C.

No. 2579

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Thursday, February 9, 1905

Russia in Eruption.

FOR THE past few weeks the ocean cables have been freighted with terrible news from what we have known as the land of the Czar, but which in the culmination of events must ultimately become now the land of the people. The beginning of the end seems to be at hand—the end of a despotism as cruel, as remorseless, as bloody as has ever darkened the pages of human history. Tyrants have lived and ruled in the past whose personal life and record have been incomparably worse and more hateful than those of any member of the house of Romanoff. Neither the Alexanders nor Nicholases have imbrued their own hands in blood nor exhibited such fiendish traits of character as have made the names of Nero and Caligula synonymous with all that is most horrid and infamous in the annals of the race. Several of Russia's later rulers, including Nicholas II., have been men possessed of admirable personal qualities—men of clean lives and benevolent instincts. Yet, after all this has been said, it remains true that no despotism, either of the old days or the new, has brought upon the mass of people subject to its power so much and so many forms of misery, so many rank injustices, so many horrid and shameful abuses of human rights, as may be laid to the charge of the Russian autocracy during the past fifty years.

In the sum total of human suffering, of innocent lives sacrificed, of the number of persons brought to starvation, to insanity, and to death in many terrible forms, for no cause whatever but a love of liberty, the world has no parallel to the history of Russia, with its administrative processes and its Siberian exile system as they have been enforced up to the present time. And matters have been steadily growing worse instead of better. While all other civilized nations have been swinging more and more into the light, granting more and more the demands of an enlightened age, larger freedom for the people, better laws, juster rule, Russia has held fast to mediæval forms and usages, to outworn laws and methods of government, and, worst of all, has endeavored by cruel and oppressive decrees to stifle every hope and aspiration of her people for better things; has silenced, so far as she could by the knout, the dungeon, and the Siberian wilderness, every voice that dared to speak for justice and equality. With a stupidity, a blindness, an inexplicable and absolute disregard of facts and tendencies hardly credible to men of sane minds, the Russian bureaucracy, impersonated in such men as the late Plehve and the still living Pobiedonostseff, has persisted in its course to the end, refusing to see what multitudes in Russia and all the world outside of Russia have seen in glaring light for many years.

The Russian government has been at its darkest and worst since 1881, when the police rule and the state-of-siege were inaugurated and the reactionary policy of Plehve set in—the policy of rule or ruin. It is on record that from 1894 to 1901 not one single political affair was brought before a court of justice or an examining magistrate in Russia. All inquests were dealt with by police officers or functionaries of the Ministry of the Interior. As late as 1903 no fewer than 4,867 persons were subjected to various penalties, including imprisonment, by administrative process and in defiance of law and precedent. It is this period, too, that has witnessed a censorship of the press in its most rigorous form, the wholesale deportation of discontents, the massacres of the Jews, the suppression of Finnish independence, the repeated refusal of appeals and demands made by the zemstvos, an orgy of bribery and corruption under the leadership of the grand dukes, and finally the beginning of a war with Japan, provoked for greedy and selfish personal ends, and carried on from disaster to disaster because of unpreparedness on the part of Russia, and a gross and stupid underestimate of the strength and resources of the foe. Lastly, and of a piece with all the rest, we have the willful disregard of the latest zemstvos' appeal for larger liberty, and, to cap the climax, the

awful and deliberate butchery of thousands of men, women, and children for no other crime than a desire to petition the throne for the right to live. A blacker, more damnable deed does not stain the pages of history than the brutal and bloody attack of the Cossack hordes upon the workingmen of St. Petersburg on January 21st.

Thus it seems that the long-expected, long-deferred day of retribution has come for the Russian autocracy. The day of wrath which it has laid up for itself by centuries of misrule has at last broken. All the embers have been gathered for a conflagration such as the world has not seen since the days of the French Revolution, and it would not be surprising if Russia should now be thrown into a welter of blood and anarchy that will cast even the horrors of the rule of Robespierre and his minions of the Reign of Terror into the shadow. What Russia's millions of half-starved, ignorant, brutish peasants, smarting with the wrongs of centuries, may do under the leadership of thousands of brilliant and capable men who have suffered even more under the government's iron heel, is beyond imagining. Whatever may be done, little sympathy will be found outside of Russia for the autocrats and the members of the nobility whose greed, selfishness, cruelty, and shortsightedness have brought those things to pass. They are only reaping what they have sown. And whatever may be the immediate result of this uprising, whether suppressed or not, nothing could be more certain than that a new era has dawned upon Russia; steps have been taken that cannot be retraced; voices have spoken that can never again be stilled; walls have been broken down that will never be rebuilt. Light has dawned at last for the people of the steppes and the valleys of the Dnieper and the Volga, a light that shall nevermore fail.

"Kishineff!"

(Reproduced from LESLIE'S WEEKLY of March 24th, 1904.)

'Tis a world of retribution, and you, Russia, well may learn it;

'Tis a world where justice triumphs ere the closing of the day;

'Tis a world where God is ruler—take His warning, sear and burn it

On your hard heart's tablets: "Vengeance is mine own: I will repay!"

With the blood of helpless women shed to save their lives and honor,

With the blood of prattling babies on the hands with which you fight,

With your flag of battle loathsome with the stains of shame upon her,

You must lose your men and treasure in atonement for that blight—

"Kishineff!"

STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN.

A Lincoln Era of Good Feeling.

FEBRUARY 12TH, 1905, finds the country in a mood to make an especial observance of Lincoln's birthday anniversary. The great party of which Lincoln was one of the founders has recently gained the most sweeping victory in all its half a century of history. Winning a triumph in the congressional election in the first year of its existence, 1854, gaining control of the country for President and Congress in its second presidential campaign—that of 1860—and governing the country during all the years since then except for the two terms of Grover Cleveland, Lincoln's party is far more potent and influential in these days than it ever was before in all its annals.

But it is not as the leader of a party that Lincoln figures in the popular mind in these twentieth-century days. Like Washington, Lincoln was too large a personage to permit his fame to become the exclusive possession of any political sect. Less and less partisanship is shown in the Lincoln-day gatherings of our time. Representative Democrats, as well as Republicans, participate in them. Some of the most effective addresses which were made at the Lincoln-day observances of recent years were made by Democrats and Populists.

The South is especially friendly to the memory of Lincoln. Leading Southern Democrats claim to belong to the party with which Lincoln would ally himself if he were alive to-day. It is one of Lincoln's claims to immortality that men of all shades of political belief in our time assert that they are advocating the doctrines which Lincoln would champion if he were with us. The Populist and the Democrat, equally with the Republican, claim a political kinship in the first of the Republican Presidents.

Thus, so far as regards the fame and the memory of the great war President, the country is enjoying an era of good feeling which would have been particularly grateful to that most kind-hearted of the nation's chief magistrates could he have foreseen it. The passions and prejudices of the conflict in which he was the leading figure have subsided in the forty years which have elapsed since Appomattox. As respects his own memory, they disappeared when Lee's veterans laid down their arms. The conquered South recognized that in Lincoln's death it lost its most powerful friend. Had he lived, Southern rehabilitation

would have taken place earlier, and the issues which it incited would have vanished quicker. As time passes, the memory of this great American becomes dearer and dearer to the masses of his countrymen of all sections and creeds.

Party Treason in Missouri.

THE REPUBLICANS in the Missouri Legislature who bolted the regular caucus nominee of their party for Senator have done more to make Republican success in that State difficult for the next few years than could have been accomplished by all their Democratic enemies. Thomas K. Niedringhaus won the caucus nomination fairly. The principal blame for the bolt is laid to Richard C. Kerens, who was his chief rival in the caucus. An active and influential local leader for a quarter of a century, Kerens had been a senatorial aspirant for more than half that time. Twice when the Republicans were in the minority he received the caucus nomination. This year, however, he was beaten by Niedringhaus, and it was supposed at the time that he would submit to the verdict of his party, as the rest of the aspirants did. So far as he is responsible for the bolt against the caucus nominee he deserves the condemnation not only of Republicans, but of members of all parties.

Representative government cannot be carried on except through the medium of parties. Only by the action of parties can the public will be ascertained and put into effect. Through the operation of parties alone can great issues be outlined and the people be enabled to vote yes or no on them. Parties necessitate organization and machinery. Only through obedience to parties' demands, as revealed by their caucuses and conventions, can faith be kept with the people and parties win or deserve the popular favor.

In the Missouri senatorial case somebody proved traitorous to the elemental canons of party integrity, and thus sinned against all parties. The traitor, whoever he is, should be shut out from all favors from his own and every other political organization from this time onward.

The Plain Truth.

A LITTLE event fraught with large significance was the celebration the other day in New York of the thirtieth anniversary of the entrance into business life of the pioneer woman typewriter. All that innovation of thirty years ago meant to the business world no one could have dreamed at the time, and if volumes were given to it now the story would not be half told. For the one woman has now become a vast and ever-increasing host, and the gain to business interests in neatness, legibility, and accuracy, together with dispatch, in all transactions where writing is involved, has been equally and proportionately great. The pioneer typewriter deserves distinction for the new and wide field of honorable and lucrative employment which she opened to her sex none the less than for the immeasurable benefits which her action has conferred upon a busy world.

IT IS NO disparagement to Mr. Carnegie to say that with all his many wise and munificent benefactions in the past for many objects, he has never shown so much of the spirit of genuine philanthropy as in his voluntary proposal to make good the losses resulting from the failure of the Citizens' National Bank at Oberlin, O. This institution was wrecked, it will be remembered, through loans made to Mrs. Chadwick on securities bearing Mr. Carnegie's signature, which, it is now charged, was forged. The failure of the bank involved a number of students at Oberlin College in serious losses, and it was said that many would be obliged to give up their studies because of it. The fund provided by Mr. Carnegie will be used to make good the deposits of students, widows, old soldiers, and other persons who are actually needy as the result of the failure. In addition the Young Men's Christian Association of Oberlin will receive about \$3,000. Public libraries are excellent, in their way, but this gift to the Oberlin students in their hour of need is a greater good than a score of libraries.

THE SUIT which a prominent Brooklyn Democratic politician has brought against a number of his political friends has its interest for the general public in the light it throws upon the methods by which Tammany Hall bar-keepers, rowdies, and political heelers heap up riches to themselves apparently by honest methods. The suit is brought to recover \$600,000, which the plaintiff claims as his share of a deal in which he and his former associates were concerned some years ago when a sharp fight was on between two rival street-railway companies for the possession of certain franchises in Brooklyn. A generous assignment of stock by one of the companies to a group of Brooklyn politicians whose influence was potent in the board of aldermen won a victory, and it is for a share of the profits arising from this transaction that the suit for \$600,000 is now brought, the plaintiff alleging that he was counted out when the time came for division. The public gave away the franchises in which these men traded to their own enrichment, as this case in law shows. It was not here at all a question of individual desert, of valuable service rendered to the public, or any other honest consideration, but simply a question of low and cunning intrigue, the public, as usual, being the victim plucked.

People Talked About

IN SPITE of the fact that the Japanese minister in Vienna has vouched for it that General Kuroki is of ancient Japanese descent, those who declare that the great soldier is a Pole stick manfully to their guns. A. M. Poliakov, who lives at Rostoff, on the Don River, writes to the *Priazowski Krai* declaring himself to be Kuroki's nephew. "After the Polish insurrection in 1836," continues the letter, "the magnate Kurowski fled from Russia with his younger brother. The younger brother, falling in with some Don Cossacks, went with them to Novotcherkask, and was finally pardoned by the Emperor Nicholas I., on condition that he should take the name of Poliakov (meaning 'the Pole') and reside at Rostoff. His elder brother made his way meanwhile to Japan, whence he corresponded with Poliakov. The latter left two children, one of them the writer of the letter, who have continued to correspond with their Japanese relations, and General Kuroki has frequently sent presents to his Polish relatives."

NO HIGH executive office in the gift of the government at Washington has had so many different incumbents in the past thirty years and has been so much of a storm centre in that time as that of United States pension commissioner. If the inside history of the office during these years could be written it would reveal certain phases of American life and character far from creditable and not pleasant to contemplate. The late commissioner, Mr. Ware, gave more all-around satisfaction than any of his predecessors for twenty years; but even he, it appears, found the burden harder than he cared to bear any longer, and so resigned. The President's choice of Congressman Warner, of Illinois, as Mr. Ware's successor ought to satisfy the Civil War veterans. In 1861 Mr. Warner enlisted as a youth of nineteen in the volunteer infantry of Illinois, and served throughout the war, being wounded at Shiloh. He entered the service as a private and came out in 1866 with the rank of captain. After the war he studied law, entered politics, was for three terms colonel and judge-advocate-general of Illinois, was elected to Congress from the Thirteenth Illinois district in 1895, and is now serving his fifth term in that body.



HON. VESPAIAN WARNER,
Appointed pension commissioner by
President Roosevelt.

WHILE MANY an eleven-year-old musician has been extolled as a genius by admiring friends, few of that age have received the praise of discerning critics. Among this latter small list has lately been included the name of Milada Cerny, a brilliant little Bohemian pianiste, who recently made her first formal appearance in New York. Leading musicians in Europe have declared that she is no mere child prodigy, but a real artiste, and this judgment was to a considerable degree sustained by her performance in this city. Miss Cerny is credited with a fine technique and delicacy of expression. She appeared in London at concerts given under the direction of the Princess of Wales, and at musicales in which usually only prominent performers took part, and she won much applause in both sets of events. She also played in the Royal Opera House at Prague, where only four instrumental soloists—Kubelik, Ondricek, Saint-Saëns, and herself—have been invited to perform since the building was opened twenty years ago. Miss Cerny seems to have been a virtuoso from the very cradle, for when only three and a half years old she gave piano recitals in Chicago at which she played twenty-four compositions, including one of a high order. During the world's fair at St. Louis she on one occasion exhibited her talent at Festival Hall.



MISS MILADA CERNY,
The eleven-year-old Bohemian pianiste.—Morrison.

FRANCE and French politics are not likely to hear the last for yet many a day of the tragic and sensational circumstances surrounding the death of Gabriel Syveton. This is the name of the deputy who



MADAME GABRIEL SYVETON AND HER DAUGHTER MADELINE,
The latest French sensation.

struck the Minister of War in the face some weeks ago during a highly exciting scene in the Chamber of France. M. Syveton was on the eve of his appearance before the authorities to answer for that assault, when Paris was amazed by the announcement that he had been found dead at his home. A few opposition organs spread the report that M. Syveton had been "assassinated." It is now generally believed that the Syveton tragedy grew out of the marriage, about eight years ago, of the late Combes deputy with a widow, Madame Bruyn. This lady had a daughter, Madeline, between whom and M. Syveton there gradually came to subsist an affection the exact nature of which is not described. M. Syveton's step-daughter was recently married, and in due time confided to her husband a story of the sort to which Tarquin and Tereus are indebted for their prominence in classical poetry. There was a stormy scene when the step-daughter and her husband and M. Syveton and his wife assembled to discuss their mutual concerns. Madame Syveton is represented as inflexibly resolved upon a divorce, and the last recorded utterance of the late deputy was: "There is nothing for me to do but to disappear."

WHILE MATRIMONIAL alliances between subjects of the English crown and those of France, Germany, and Denmark are of too frequent occurrence to



THE PRINCESS DOLGOROUKI,
of Russia, and her adopted child Sacha

call for special comment, it may not be generally known that the marriage of English women to Russians of high degree is a rare happening. Why this should be so it is not easy to say, but such is the fact. An exception to this rule occurred some years ago when Miss Fleetwood Wilson, a popular leader in English society, became the wife of Prince Alexis Dolgorouki. The wedding made a great sensation, and was celebrated both according to the Church of England and the Russian rites, it being the first time that the "smart" world had been present at such a picturesque function as that of a Russian marriage. The alliance has turned out an exceedingly happy one; the handsome, cultivated Russian prince is devoted to his British wife, and for her sake consents to spend a considerable portion of each year in England or in Scotland, where of late years they have taken a picturesque stronghold on Deeside. The princess, some years ago, adopted a pretty little girl, who bears the peculiar Russian name of Sacha.

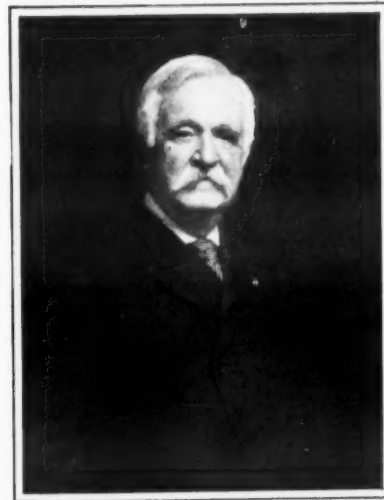
AN AMBITION to be the first Indian woman in America to practice law is no mean one. It has led Miss Laura M. Cornelius to resign her position as a teacher in the Sherman Indian School and to enter the Stanford (Cal.) Law School. To her friends Miss Cornelius has confessed a heroic purpose: she proposes to learn law in order that she may go from tribe to tribe, teaching her people their rights under the white man's law and championing their cause in the courts and at Washington. She has studied the Indian problem from every



MISS LAURA M. CORNELIUS,
The first Indian woman in America to
study law.—Marceau.

viewpoint, and to her it is a sad and personal one. She is proud of the fact that she is an Oneida Indian. Miss Cornelius won a measure of fame in California by going to the Oneidas on Warner's Ranch, who would have risen in insurrection against the order for their removal, and leading them peaceably to their exile home. She realizes that the Indian's future is pitiful. Recently she declared: "The time has come when the Indians must go. But when they have gone there will be a good deal less poetry in the world. I am thoroughly, gratefully proud that the good God made me an Indian, but the time has come when my people must learn new ways."

THE CHOICE of ex-Governor Morgan G. Bulkeley as United States Senator from Connecticut, succeeding the Hon. Joseph R. Hawley, who retires on account of ill health, is an event of more than ordinary political interest because of the conditions surrounding the choice, and the character of the opposition to Mr. Bulkeley. The opposition was led by Rev. Dr. Newman Smyth, a well-known Congregational clergyman of New Haven, who criticised the record of the ex-Governor, and argued that he was not best fitted to represent the people of Connecticut in the United States Senate. Dr. Smyth's protest found some backing throughout the State among newspapers and prominent citizens. When it came to a vote, however, among the Republican members of the Connecticut General Assembly on January 12th, the opposition had no showing, for Mr. Bulkeley received 154 of the 244 votes cast, a larger majority than even his chief supporters had hoped for. The new Connecticut Senator has been prominent in State politics for many years, and was Governor from 1889 to 1893. He has also been prominently identified with local business interests, being president of the United States Bank at Hartford, and later of the Aetna Life Insurance Company. He was mayor of Hartford for eight years before he was elected Governor.



HON. MORGAN G. BULKELEY,
The new United States Senator from Connecticut.



The Most Original Club in the World— The Gridiron

By Arthur W. Dunn



THE GRIDIRON CLUB of Washington is the most widely known and unique organization of its kind in the world. It has no club-house nor home of any description, few appurtenances, and no serious aims—unless the promotion of mirth and good dining may be so considered. The club is composed of Washington correspondents who are representatives of leading journals throughout the country. It is a limited organization, the active list embracing only forty men who are engaged in journalism at the national capital. New members are admitted only upon a majority vote of the entire club, and two objections prevent any man from becoming a member, making it an exclusive as well as a limited organization. Ability and good fellowship are among the requisites of successful candidates for admission in the club, and, as new members are selected from the 175 correspondents in Washington, the club is able to keep its membership up to a high standard. Besides the forty men who are newspaper correspondents there are a few who, since becoming members, have engaged in other occupations, but who retain their membership. In addition, a number of men—not more than ten—called limited members, comprising musicians and other entertainers, are a part of the organization, but do not participate in the management of the club.

The Gridiron Club was organized twenty years ago. Its inception grew out of a gathering of prominent newspaper men at a dinner, which was conducted on different lines from the usual banquets. Short and brilliant speeches were made; several good songs were interspersed and stories told which enlivened the evening. This was a small beginning, but the club was formed for the purpose of giving occasional dinners where the serious side should be in eclipse and the affairs of nations treated in a lighter vein. The club had quite a serious struggle at first, but continued to give successful dinners. Then the members began to invite their personal friends and public men, and the dinners were enlivened by utilizing the guests as a part of the entertainment, subjecting them to the humorous grilling which has made the club famous. In those early days the club had some difficulty in maintaining its membership, but soon its success was so great there was a constant pressure to join, and for more than fifteen years there has always been a waiting list of first-class newspaper men anxious to become Gridiron members.

While the Gridiron Club was organized and is controlled by newspaper men, it is in no sense a press club. It does not pretend to represent the newspaper correspondents of Washington. It is a dining club solely, proud of its history, because it is unlike any other in existence, and because of the belief that it has raised the standard of the profession to which its members belong. The fame of the Gridiron Club lies in the character of its dinners, where guests are not only dined, but are treated to an unusual entertainment. The dinner itself is merely an incident; the usual courses with wines and other viands are served, but that is the only similarity existing between this and other dinners. After each course something of an amusing nature is injected. The entertainment begins when the guests enter the dining-room, and closes when the gavel falls at midnight. Wit and humor are expressed by clever satire on public events, burlesques of great public questions, sharp quips at the expense of prominent guests, topical songs and choruses, and speeches by famous raconteurs.

One feature which makes the speech-making at Gridiron dinners a success is the fact that such speeches are never published, and the orator may give utterance to that which will be most amusing without fear of seeing his words in cold print the next day. The only restriction put upon guests and members is that nothing must be said or done that would offend polite society. At all dinners it is announced that ladies are considered as theoretically present.

Washington affords, more than any other city in the country, opportunity to bring together prominent men in public life, science, art, and literature, and in the business world, and it is this class of men who are the guests at Gridiron dinners; Presidents of the United States, Vice-Presidents, and speakers of the House of Representatives, Cabinet officers, justices of the Supreme Court, Senators and Representatives, foreign ambassadors and ministers, army and navy officers, Governors of States, and citizens prominent in this and other countries gather about the Gridiron board, and the club has also entertained Presidents of sister republics, the premier of Canada, the chief justice of England, and officials of high rank from foreign lands.

All these distinguished men contribute their share to the general scheme of entertainment, entering into the spirit of the occasion, each accepting in the manner in which it is extended the fun at his expense and enjoying also the shafts of wit directed at other guests. Nowhere outside of America could a club make use of such men for burlesque, satirical skits, and fun-making. The members of the club are thoroughly familiar

with the public careers of their guests, and do not hesitate to make use of any circumstance that may be turned to humorous account. But the jests are all good-natured, never vicious, and no public man, or any other man, for that matter, has ever attended a Gridiron dinner that is not glad to accept another invitation, no matter how much he may have been grilled for the delectation of other guests.

The most enjoyable features of these dinners are the liberties taken with men in high station. Both President McKinley and President Roosevelt have been present when incidents of their administrations have been humorously portrayed. It is because all members of the club have a personal acquaintance with these public officials, because they have the skill to bring out the humor and to draw the line between clever satire and offensive ridicule, that they can in living caricature make merry with prominent men, even the highest in the nation. Parodies on current events, whether national or international, are successfully carried out, and whatever is uppermost in the public mind, whether it be in the Senate, the House, in diplomacy, or the administration, if it afford facetious interpretation, becomes a Gridiron burlesque, or satire.

Among the notable events of the past dozen years which have been humorously parodied at Gridiron dinners may be mentioned the restoration of Queen Liliuokalani to the Hawaiian throne by President Cleveland; the supposed political reconciliation of President Cleveland and Senator Hill in 1895; the international controversy between the United States and Great Britain over the Venezuelan boundary (1897); features of the Spanish war, which furnished a number of amusing skits, including the ratification of the peace treaty by the Senate; the refusal of the House to admit Brigham H. Roberts, the Utah polygamist, to a seat; alleged imperialism in the islands of the Pacific; the occupation of Cuba by the United States; hazing at the West Point Military Academy; the appointment of special ambassadors to the coronation of Edward VII.; Vice-President Roosevelt's successful lion hunting in the West, and President Roosevelt's unsuccessful bear hunting in the South; the birth of the Panama republic; elections and inaugurations, and many features of legislation which were under discussion in Congress. With dialogue and costume and necessary paraphernalia these and many other events as they occurred were illustrated from the humorous point of view, to the amusement of guests who were the principal figures in the real occurrences which the Gridiron men were caricaturing. No long speeches are allowed at Gridiron dinners. Pointed questions and side remarks by members soon remind the prosy talker that silence is golden. But the man who has something to say, who can make a witty speech or tell a good new story, is accorded a respectful hearing. Meaningless and brutal interruptions are not a feature of Gridiron "roasts," and no man need fear that his feelings will be wounded by anything of a coarse or vindictive nature.

The Gridiron Club of Washington has just celebrated its twentieth anniversary. In twenty years it has become an institution of the national capital, while its fame has spread throughout this country and been carried to distant quarters of the globe. As a fitting compliment to a member who had been a founder of the club, and who had done more than any other man to make it a success, Major John M. Carson was elected president for this anniversary year. He might have been the first president, but waived the honor and accepted the second place. He was the second president of the club, and now again is its presiding officer. While it has seemed impossible to equal some of the dinners of the past in the matter of clever entertainment, yet the twentieth annual will go down in history as quite up to the standard of those that have gone before. The distinguished guests included President Roosevelt and several members of his Cabinet, Vice-President-elect Fairbanks and many Senators, Speaker Cannon and several members of the House of Representatives, justices of the Supreme Court, army and navy officers, members of the diplomatic corps, some State Governors, and men of importance in the journalistic, literary, and financial world.

Major Carson was installed by an elaborate inaugural ceremony, to which the presence of President Roosevelt gave special point. With a blare of trumpets, a band in khaki uniforms playing "There Will Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night," the lively air to which Roosevelt's rough riders drove the Spaniards back at Santiago, Major Carson was brought into the dining-room and sworn in. With him was his "cabinet," members of the club representing the strenuousness of the present administration. No one enjoyed the parody more than President Roosevelt, and he also appreciated the reference to his old regiment, which has a warm place in his heart.

But this was not the only reference to the President that night. An earnest effort was made to find the "original Roosevelt man," and those presented as being entitled to the credit of being the first out for

Roosevelt were Senator Lodge, Secretary Hay, Senator Beveridge, Indian Commissioner Leupp, Senator Scott, and Senator Foraker. Each of these gentlemen was presented in an appropriate verse. President Carson declared that while everybody had been edified by the melodious presentation of these names, all were mistaken, and he would present the original Roosevelt man, and thereupon introduced Mr. Roosevelt for a speech.

The pending impeachment of a judge by Congress furnished a text for a clever act. The Senators present were convened as a high court and impeached Speaker Cannon of the House of Representatives. The speaker was charged with making one and the speaker a majority of 386 members of the House; with opposing the President in refusing to comply with the anti-smoke law; with insisting, in spite of the often-expressed views of the Senate, that the House was a co-ordinate branch of the government; that he refused to take the oath of allegiance at the White House more than once a day; together with a number of other charges which referred to some of the speaker's well-known habits. Mr. Cannon was compelled to make a speech in defense, and Senator Gorman pronounced the sentence of the court.

The several interesting occurrences in the financial world afforded an opportunity for the club to present a skit on "Frenzied Finance," introducing get-rich-quick concerns, Thomas W. Lawson, William G. Greene, and Mrs. Cassie Chadwick, who were personated by members of the club. Some very clever dialogue, with hits upon prominent guests and ridicule of some of the late financial transactions, made it a highly enjoyable performance. One of the guests was called upon for a speech and made one of the spread-eagle efforts, which do not usually occur at Gridiron dinners. A member of the club asserted that it was simply a matter of hypnotism, and in a dispute with the president of the club offered to demonstrate that hypnotism is a science. Taking two members of the club, he had them perform several feats to prove his case. They were compelled to personate a number of guests, and in brief speeches they touched upon some peculiar feature which satirized the man named. In this way the club had fun with Mr. Whitelaw Reid, Justice Brewer, Senators Lodge, Knox, Fairbanks, and others.

Another method by which guests were reached was by a speaking-tube supposed to connect with the hotel lobby. At various times during the dinner a member of the club was called to the tube and held conversations with imaginary persons at the other end. A delegation of tailors was reported to be in attendance with a complimentary memorial to Secretary Hay because he had boomed their trade in writing "Little Breeches." A suggestion was supposed to be received that as President Roosevelt and William J. Bryan were both at the dinner it would be a great feature to have a joint debate between them. The reply was, "What's the use? They are both on the same side." Apropos of the intimacy between President Roosevelt and Senator Lodge, it was announced that a printer's boy was down stairs with proofs of Senator Lodge's latest work, "The Tribulations of a Bosom Friend." Another quip at the expense of the President was in relation to the vigorous action he has taken to suppress the smoke nuisance in Washington. One company which has been a conspicuous offender has been heavily fined recently. It was alleged that a query came up the tube as to whether the principal officers of the company, who were guests, were smoking. The reply was: "No, sir; President Roosevelt is here, and you bet your life they are not smoking." The music is always an interesting part of a Gridiron programme. Topical verses are written and sung for the benefit of prominent guests. A song for Mr. Bryan announced among other things that a cry went up from the land:

"Bring back Billy Bryan, he's the only man
That can lead the Democratic band."

Senator Knox and "trust-busting" Senator Kearns and his troubles with the Mormon Church were featured, and among other songs, given in amusing rhyme, set to popular airs of the day, was one complimentary to the President. From the time that President Carson welcomed the guests until the "Song that Reached My Heart" at 12 o'clock—for Gridiron fun and feasts end at that hour—there was an uninterrupted flow of wit and laughter, and the verdict of the guests as they left the dining-room was, "It was the best dinner we ever attended. The marvel is how it is done." At most dinners of the club the souvenir is in keeping with the other humorous features, and many times the menu has been a most notable production, extensively quoted all over the country. As this was the twentieth-anniversary dinner the menu souvenir was a review of the history of the club, containing all the important events which it has celebrated during the score of years that it has been in existence; and the record of twenty years of wit and satire, fun and burlesque, was described and illustrated in the "Book of the Gridiron Club."



MR. BUSBEY.

MR. COOLIDGE

THE ITALIAN AMBASSADOR

SECY. LOEB

MR. SHRIVER

MR. LEUPP, THE INDIAN COMMISSIONER.



MR. CARSON.
THE GRIDIRON CLUB'S PRESIDENT.



THE CHAPLAIN



MR. DUNN AS CASSIE CHADWICK.



SECRETARY
OF THE BIG STICK.



W. R. NELSON.



THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.



THE MEETING OF
LAWSON & GREENE



SECY. OF
AGRICULTURE
& FERTILITY.



MR. GROSVENOR.



SECY. OF
THE SIMPLE
LIFE.

SECY.
OF THE
STRENUOUS
LIFE.



GEN. HUMPHREY, QUARTERMASTER GENERAL



WHITELAW REID

SENATOR GORE

SENATOR DEPUÉ



SENATOR FAIRBANKS AND SPEAKER CANNON

Hy Mayer



SENATOR CHASE

ALEXANDER
GRAHAM
BELL

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL'S MOST UNIQUE ENTERTAINMENT.

NOTABLE FIGURES, AS SEEN BY AN ARTIST, AT THE JOLLY TWENTIETH-ANNIVERSARY ENTERTAINMENT OF THE FAMOUS GRIDIRON CLUB, WHERE PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT WAS THE PRINCIPAL GUEST.

Drawn for Leslie's Weekly by Hy Mayer. See opposite page.

The Popular Music-hall Conglomeration

By Eleanor Franklin



DURING THE performance at the Weber-Ziegfeld Music Hall, erstwhile so prosperous as Weber-Fields', one enjoys a series of shocks that follow each other with surprising rapidity. Not necessarily shocking shocks, you know, but diverse shocks sufficiently forceful to create weird memories of an hour's strenuous enjoyment along most unusual lines. There's nothing restful or soothing at Weber-Ziegfeld's, nor is there anything ordinary with a capital O, but it is an extraordinary conglomeration that makes one think Mr. Weber must have been in league with the imp of confusion, through whose assistance he selected actors from all ranks of the profession, put them together into a hat—a huge hat—shook them up thoroughly, then dumped them out on the stage with the exclamation, "Higgledy-Piggledy!" If Louis Mann had been along he would have added, "And then is it!" and the performance would have needed no further description.

After a chorus, which endeavors to explain that the scene of the mix-up is laid in Paris, has gyrated and shrieked for a few moments and whirled itself off the scene, Mr. Aubrey Boucicault strolls casually by with Mr. Frank Mayne, both of dignified fame, and they continue to unfold the "argument," after which a very large person trips lightly on, who turns out to be Marie Dressler. "Well, with her on the football team you don't need the other ten!" says Charles Bigelow in the burlesque of "The College Widow," which follows "Higgledy-Piggledy," and I say with her on the pay-roll they don't need the other eight stars. It looks like a simple waste of money, but they are there just the same, all there, waiting behind the scenes, hoping, I doubt not, with the actor's sweet professional charity toward fellow-players, that the popular Marie will create a nice heavy "frost" for one of them to go out and dispel. But



THE DEMURE QUARTER-BACK OF THE "BACKWATER" ELEVEN, FLORENCE FRENCH. Otto Sarony Co.

Marie Dressler is a wholesome humorist. I say this believing it, because nobody can say that she ever appeals to anything but one's sense of the ridiculous, unless it be at times when she reaches down and touches one's appreciation for the pathetic things that make one laugh. She may at some time or times in her career have drawn a very fine line between the funny and the vulgar, but as the central figure in the Weber-Ziegfeld all-star stock company she is merely ridiculous—simply funny, that's all—and she helps Bigelow and Weber, and Morris and Mayne, and Boucicault and Madam Held a whole lot toward lifting this performance to as high a point as "low comedy" ever attains.

Miss Dressler is a queer one when you find her off the stage. She lives in a nice little house up in Fifty-fourth Street, and she pays the rent. "She" is meant to be in italics because, like most other self-supporting women, she is a business man with a family to support, and she does it well. She has a "dear old dad," with picturesque white whiskers and a ditto history that dates back to the time when he was an officer in the Crimean War. He knows how it feels to have a bullet nip the tip of his ear off, and he likes to tell about it, and his daughter likes to listen to him and to show him to her friends, and tell them how good he has always been to her whether events in her career were brilliant or otherwise. She likes to tell how he goes to the the-

atre every night of his life just to watch her play, and how wisely he criticises everything she does when she is on the stage.

He is over eighty years old, you see, and he is spending his last days on earth adoring his daughter, who, in his eyes, can do no wrong. "The princess can do no wrong." He plays the piano, too, does this nice old gentleman, and plays surprisingly well, considering the eighty odd years that have stiffened his finger joints. He played a familiar march movement for me with an agility and skill that made me wonder why Miss Dressler's press agent hasn't been using him for "copy" long ago. He is a careless press agent to let such good "material for a story" go to waste.

But all this has little to do with the performance of the Weber-Ziegfeld stock company. I just hap-



A GROUP OF THE FOOTBALL GIRLS IN "THE COLLEGE WIDOWER." FROM THE LEFT: EVALINE HARE, MILDRED DEVERE, ADA VERNE, MABEL VERNE, MAUDE LE ROY, AND FLORENCE FRENCH.—Otto Sarony Co.

pened to think of it, by the way, as I was writing about the blüchesome Dressler's appearance upon the scene of "Higgledy-Piggledy." She sings a song about the woes of "A Great Big Girl Like Me," as compared to the joys of a "stingy-faced soubrette," whom everybody pets; and as soon as the audience permits her to finish this, Boucicault wanders back again and makes her acquaintance as *Philopena Schnitz*, an undesirable person whom, by the heartless decree of a rich uncle's will, he is going to be compelled to marry. And he doesn't want to. Not a bit. There is a desirable person, a Mademoiselle Somebody, made most alluring and impossibly well gowned by Anna Held, who has insinuated herself into his susceptible heart and created much unquiet there, and he wants her, nobody else. On the other hand, there is a Mr. Hiram Walker, as grotesque as Bigelow can make him, who has won distinction by running into a few carriages and things the first time he ever attempted to handle a "heart-disease buggy," as he calls Miss Schnitz's automobile, and Miss Schnitz wants him, nobody else. That's the plot. It couldn't be flimsier, but it is strong enough to hold all the situations that can possibly be strung upon it, and it doesn't disturb anybody to have it interrupted by frequent songs by members of the cast and occasional displays of magnificent gowns and other sorts of cos-

umes by a chorus that is above the average for personal beauty.

I suppose the song sung by Anna Held in the make-up of a street gamin is meant merely as a sort of foil against which she may display the beautiful gowns that she subsequently wears with so much art, and the dainty femininity that is her principal asset. This is at least the only excuse one can find for her having dragged in so uninteresting a thing—uninteresting because it is so far beyond the artistic powers of Anna Held. Aimee Angeles could do it because she is a clever character woman and impersonator, as everybody remembers who saw her in "A Chinese Honeymoon" at the Casino two or three years ago. She is at Weber-Ziegfeld's now, with smiling and vivacious Bonnie Magin, and the two of them have developed into a sort of Hengler sisters, introducing themselves in very clever duet dances every time there is a shadow of an opportunity.

And in this performance Boucicault sings in the limelight! Fascinating Boucicault! Boucicault of the vibrant voice and the face of an ideal Hamlet; Boucicault with the soul and the grace of Shakespeare's dream of Romeo; Boucicault sings in the limelight a syncopated jingle of "Magnolia Blooms" to a twirling accompaniment of skirtless derbies! Oh, Eros, god of Thespia, hide thine eyes and weep! Thine apostle Boucicault hath the service of thy sanctuary forsaken! I don't think anybody ever sees this performance without exclaiming, "Well, how on earth did Aubrey Boucicault ever get lost in a crowd like that!" But he is not lost; he is merely strayed, and one day he will wander back again into the softly lighted circles where his beautiful voice, his soulful eyes, and silvery tossing locks will find their proper setting in scenes of sweet romance.

In "Higgledy-Piggledy" Boucicault makes a very pretty foil for Weber's German make-up and the sputtering dialect of Mr. Morris, who plays the part that belongs by right to Mr. Lew Fields, so many years Mr. Weber's side partner in German dialect specialties and box-office receipts. He stands in the front row behind the footlights as the curtain goes down, does Mr. Boucicault, with Anna Held in his arms, and they look very pretty, bobbing up and down to the rag-time finale; while beside them Marie Dressler embraces in her large way her pudgy little father, in the person of Mr. Weber, and her very lank and squinty lover (Mr. Bigelow) at one and the same time, and without partiality leaving room for Mr. Morris to make a few gestures and explain things, while the rest of the cast bobs up and down and smiles. Not an unusual finish, but good enough.



THE ROGUEISH CAPTAIN OF THE WINNING TEAM, MILDRED DEVERE. Otto Sarony Co.



JOE WEBER, AT RIGHT OF TABLE, TELLING A FUNNY STORY TO ANNA HELD, AUBREY BOUCICAULT, AND MARIE DRESSLER, AFTER THE PERFORMANCE.—T. C. Muller.

After "Higgledy-Piggledy" this extraordinary agglomeration of Thespians perpetrates a burlesque on George Ade's burlesque of American college life called "The College Widow," which is, so far, the success of the season. Now, to burlesque a burlesque is a new departure in things theatrical, but George Ade helped to do it, so there is nobody to blame but himself in case he is not entirely satisfied. The Weber-Ziegfeldians call it "The College Widower," and simply turn things topsy-turvy. Marie Dressler becomes the mighty half-back on a girl football team that goes after the anæmic students from the "Baptist parson factory" over the way, with axes, and, as the daughter of the queen of the American college boarding-house trust, she sings a song that is about as good a thing as Marie Dressler ever did.

Her first entrance is almost pathetic, and she reaches a bit further than to one's sense of the ridiculous. She is a great big, awkward, red-faced, red-



ANNA HELD AND HER SIXTEEN "SHOW GIRLS" IN ONE OF THE ATTRACTIVE NUMBERS OF "HIGGLEDY-PIGGLEDY."—Byron.



MARIE DRESSLER AS THE IRRESISTIBLY FUNNY "TILLY BUIT-IN" IN "THE COLLEGE WIDOWER."—Byron.



ANNA HELD, AS A STREET GAMIN, SINGING HER SONG, "NANCY CLANCY."—Leutlinger.



FRANK MAYNE AND MISS DRESSLER IN A FUNNY SCENE IN "THE COLLEGE WIDOWER."—Byron.

BEHIND THE SCENES AT WEBER'S MUSIC-HALL AFTER THE PERFORMANCE. Members of the stock company are: 1. Harry Morris, 2. May McKenzie, 3. Aubrey Boucicault, 4. Marie Dressler, 5. Joe Weber, 6. Anna Held, 7. Aimee Angeles, 8. Bonnie Magin, 9. Charles Bigelow (his hand), 10. Frank Mayne, 11. Florenz Ziegfeld, 12. Sam Marion, 13. Maurice Levy, the composer.



CHARLES BIGELOW, AS "RATTY MCGOWN," BUYS A TICKET FOR THE FOOT-BALL GAME.—Byron.



CHARLES BIGELOW, AIMEE ANGELES, BONNIE MAGIN, AND THE VIVACIOUS CHORUS SINGING "BIG CHIEF AND LITTLE MAID," ONE OF THE SONG HITS OF "HIGGLEDY-PIGGLEDY."—Byron.

BURLESQUE AS A FINE ART IN NEW YORK.

"HIGGLEDY-PIGGLEDY" AND "THE COLLEGE WIDOWER," AS PERFORMED BY AN ACTUAL ALL-STAR COMPANY AT WEBER MUSIC-HALL.—See opposite page.



DEVOTED AND FEARLESS LEADER OF THE MASSACRED RUSSIAN WORKMEN.

PRIEST KNOWN AS FATHER VASSELIEFF (X), BUT NOW SAID TO BE FATHER GAPON, WHO HEADED THE STRIKERS SHOT DOWN IN ST. PETERSBURG, STANDING IN FRONT OF PLYMOUTH ROCK AMID A GROUP OF FOREIGN DELEGATES TO THE Y. M. C. A. INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION AT BOSTON, IN 1901—SINCE THE MASSACRE GAPON HAS DISAPPEARED.—Photographed by W. L. Radcliffe.

handed, stringy-haired, colossal-footed, raspy-voiced individual who realizes her lack of girlish charm, and therefore loses her head completely when the dapper "college widower," so excellently well played by Mr. Mayne, makes love to her in order to induce her to give Gingham College the "go by" and become half-back on the Backwater football team. It isn't generally known, I believe, that just before Mr. Augustin Daly died he signed a contract to make an actress of Marie Dressler. She was to alternate principal rôles at Daly's Theatre with Miss Rehan, and it is interesting to imagine what her career might have been had not the sudden death of the great manager made it necessary for her to turn back to her work in comedy and burlesque. One doesn't have to observe her closely to discover in her work in "The College Widower" traces of real temperament. Mr. Boucicault plays the timid president of the girls' college, and Mr. Weber is one of the girls, with freckles that almost hide his face; Mr. Bigelow is "an educated derelict on a sea of competent ignorance," and condescends to be football coach as long as he can't be college president. He sings a song about an "Educated Coon" that helps some, and altogether it is a bully good show. (For further evidence see box-office receipts.)

If anybody happens to be running away with an idea that a company of stars like this one can live together in peace and harmony, he may bring it back, for it is erroneous and not worth entertaining. Every member of the company, with two or three young exceptions, has occupied the centre of the stage at some time in his or her career, and to yield that sacred spot to some other actor is the hardest thing a player can be called upon to do. Fancy Anna Held having to stand aside to make room for Marie Dressler to scintillate. Imagine the warmth of good-will with which Bigelow and Morris and Mayne listen to the applause which greets popular Boucicault, no matter how unmusically he sings. Mr. Weber, of course, doesn't mind. If they are not all as good as they can be he has the power to give them two weeks' notice, and he would probably exercise it; for, loving art for art's sake as much as he undoubtedly does, he is more interested in the box-office receipts than anything else.

Then, too, there is only one star dressing-room in a theatre, and I for one would like to know who occupies it in such a company as this. If I were a manager I'd have it boarded up and labeled, "Sacred to the memory of the days when each of us was 'It.' " I really don't know how Messrs. Weber & Ziegfeld manage this. I was invited behind the scenes the other evening to inspect "the only green-

room in America," and I got a photograph of it, but it was so full of stars that nothing else shows in the picture. In this "green-room" the actors congregate between scenes, and talk about things at the Players and the Lambs clubs, and in other houses, carefully avoiding everything personal, and here the actors sometimes receive callers, which is the thing a green-room is really for; and here, doubtless, many scenes are enacted that would insure the success of any play in which the curtain might be raised upon them, but there are people who know that a theatre curtain is meant to conceal and not to reveal things theatrical. Any way, whoever sees the Weber-Ziegfeld all-star stock company will not waste his evening, and those things not visible to the eye of the audience are nobody's business, for we all have troubles of our own.

Japan's Curious Doctrine—"The Bushido."

THE JAPANESE army and navy will not strike Russia hard if the present trouble in her territory should develop into a revolution, for that would be against the traditional doctrines of "the Bushido." "The Bushido" means "the moral doctrines of the

Samurai," and they are obeyed by all the statesmen, soldiers, and scholars of the present time with as much holy respect as the Christian's reverence for the Bible and its teachings. In Japan Buddhism is the popular religion, but Buddhist teachings are not respected by educated men or soldiers. In fact, most of them are atheists or agnostics, who do not believe in any religion but the doctrines of "the Bushido."

"The Bushido," for instance, teaches a man or woman to have the courage to perform the *hara-kiri* if he or she commits any serious offense. The spirit of this doctrine is that the offender should kill himself instead of waiting to be executed by the law, which latter is considered in Japan as one of the most cowardly things. "The Bushido" also teaches that the life of a Japanese is a gift of the holy Mikado, and if the country need the lives of her people they should be given gladly, for that is only to return to the Mikado what they have received from him.

To die on the battle-field is the only key for a Japanese to find his way to his Shinto heaven, and the soldiers who were not killed on the battle-field are considered unfortunate. It is maintained in Japan that if a man gives you a favor or money or pleasure, you should return it with more than what was given to you. Or, if a man buys a thing for ten cents, he should never sell it for more than ten cents; therefore a merchant who buys his goods for ten cents from some one and sells them with profit to another is despised, and called a slave of "the yellow gold," and a rebel against "the Bushido."

The above doctrines of "the Bushido," are less important than the one I describe below. This doctrine teaches the Japanese not to attack an enemy at unfair disadvantage, as, for instance if his country is undergoing a revolution. There have been many instances in the war history of Japan in which a fighting party has stopped its attack against the enemy while the latter has been suffering from serious or unavoidable misfortunes, like earthquakes or floods in its territory. I repeat that Japan will not press the Russian army or navy very hard if there should be a revolution in the dominions of the Czar. Generosity to your enemy is a salient doctrine of "the Bushido."

HYDESABURO OHASHI.

Vast Investments.

ENGLAND invests more money abroad than any other country. The amount of English capital employed in foreign lands totals \$5,950,000,000. French investments abroad aggregate \$5,712,000,000, while Germany comes third with \$2,675,000,000. Americans have invested hundreds of millions in enterprises abroad.



CELEBRATING PORT ARTHUR'S FALL.

MAIN STREET OF THE EMPIRE'S CAPITAL (TOKIO) PROFUSELY DECORATED IN DOUBLE CELEBRATION OF THE FALL OF PORT ARTHUR AND THE BEGINNING OF THE NEW YEAR.—Photographed by H. M. Rideout.



GENERAL NOGI (x), COMMANDER OF THE JAPANESE ARMY WHICH CAPTURED PORT ARTHUR, DINING WITH HIS STAFF AND FOREIGN OFFICERS AT HIS HEADQUARTERS IN THE FIELD DURING THE LATE SIEGE.



A STRONG FORTRESS AT PORT ARTHUR, WHICH WAS AT FIRST BATTERED BY SHELLS AND THEN TAKEN IN A SANGUINARY ASSAULT BY THE BESIEGERS.



SUNGTZE-SHAN PORT, ONE OF PORT ARTHUR'S DEFENSES, ON FIRE AFTER A TERRIFIC BOMBARDMENT FROM A JAPANESE BATTERY.

ECHCES OF THE LONG AND BLOODY SIEGE OF PORT ARTHUR.

GENERAL OF THE VICTORIOUS BESIEGERS DINING WITHIN RANGE OF THE RUSSIAN GUNS, AND GREAT FORTS WHICH SUCCUMBED TO JAPANFSE SHELL-FIRE AND ASSAULT.—*Photographed by the camerist attached to Japanese headquarters.*

THE MAN FROM KANSAS CITY

By Frederick Walworth

I FIRST met him on South Clark Street. What I was doing there I decline to state. South Clark Street is not renowned for its quiet, unostentatious gentility; it is openly, notoriously, boastfully tough. From Jackson to Twelfth in the evening it perhaps affords more brilliant opportunities for going to the flesh and the devil than any other equal stretch in a more or less godless town.

It was broad day, however, when I met him. He was adorned before and behind with glaring black and red placards setting forth the superiority of Doctor Somebody's corn cure. He was conspicuously unkempt even for South Clark Street, where the microbe and bacillus still flourish and multiply, even as they did in the Garden of Eden. Perhaps I involuntarily gave him more of the sidewalk than rightfully belonged to him, and as we passed he hummed, softly:

"Oh! My! Omega Lambda Chi!
We meet to-night to celebrate
The Omega Lambda Chi."

"What!" I said, wheeling on him.

He halted at once, winked one eye, and extended his hand. I took it, not without compunction, and got the grip of an order to which I belong. It might be a mistake, however, so I mentioned the weather, and casually introduced the password. He instantly returned the correct key-word, and grinned pleasantly through grime that threatened to crack into scales and drop off.

"Come in and have something," I said, and led the way to a table in the rear of that particular saloon we happened to be in front of. The sandwich man came cheerfully, removed his boards without a sign of embarrassment, stood them against the wall, and sat down opposite me.

He was somewhere in the thirties, I judged, and by all signs was but just emerged from a riotous time. He ordered whiskey, poured a deadly dose, and, holding it aloft, bowed to me, then let it dribble luxuriously down his throat. Intense appreciation spread upon his countenance.

"Yours forever," he said as he set down the glass.

"You're a brother P. J. B.," I said. "Can I do anything for you?"

"Well," he remarked, slowly, "let's see. What town is this, anyhow, pardner?"

"Chicago," I replied.

"Thought so," said he. "Don't look like any other place. Last I remember, though, was three fingers of Scotch in a beer-schooner in a bum joint in Kansas City. It was the tail-end of a warm time, but how'd I get here?"

"Can I help you?" I repeated, not being interested in the details of the "warm time."

"Well," said he, doubtfully, "all I want, you know, is to get my feet under me and I can right soon do that myself. Say, I only woke up in this town about two hours ago. That accounts for my decorations." He waved a thumb toward the board parts of the sandwich.

"These aren't my clothes," he continued; "not by a hundred dollars. I don't know where I got 'em."

Suddenly the singular beauties of the situation seemed to overwhelm him. He laughed joyfully. "Now, what the hendiadys would you think, pardner," he said, "if you went to sleep in Kansas City, Missouri, dressed in a swallow-tail coat and a plug hat, with two hundred odd dollars in your pants, and woke up in Chicago, Illinois, diked out in this tin-can-hobo outfit, without a lonesome dime to get a drink with?"

He climbed up on his chair and looked at himself in the mirror back of the bar. Then he sat down again, shaking with laughter.

"Oh, Lord!" he groaned.

"I knew I was a holy show, but I'm a buck Indian if I thought it was that good. It must be better yet from behind. I wish to Sam Hill I could get off about ten feet and look at my rear elevation."

"Say," he said, presently, rubbing the bristles of two days which embellished his chin, "if I should tell you that I own a gold mine worth something the right side of a million you'd think I was a goggle-eyed lunatic; now, honest, wouldn't you?"

"I certainly would," I replied, beginning to think he had diagnosed his own case with uncommon accuracy. He slapped his leg and went off on another spasm. Then he stopped abruptly.

"Say," he said, "look a here. My name's Lycurgus Y. Schurtz. Grandfather was Dutch, but he don't count. I'm United States. Sorry I haven't a card, but they went with my clothes down Kansas City way. Say, that mine is gospel truth, pardner, every word. That's what I was in Kansas City for.

I went up there to raise some money for machinery. But I bumped into a man that knew me and—well, we raised something else. I'd like right well to know where he woke up at. Hope it's Hong-Kong or Kamchatka."

"See here, my friend," I said, "I'm a busy man.

As a brother P. J. B. I'll be glad to help you if I can, but I can't stay here all day. Will you have something more?"

"Thank you, no," he replied. "I'll run light for a while. That Kansas City time won't wear off for a month or so. We—"

"Can I be of any assistance to you?" I demanded.

"Well, now, pardner, let me see. Come to think about it, I believe this town's every bit as good as Kansas City. Say, if you'll introduce me to about half a dozen of your friends I'd be mighty grateful."

I had anticipated a request for the price of some new clothes, possibly even for a return ticket to Kansas City, but this thing was beyond my wildest fears. "Introduce this imbecile to my friends! Not I."

"Just let me have one of your office cards," he said, assuming entire charge of the situation, "and I'll call 'round in the morning and talk it over with you. I'll be busy the balance of to-day getting a change of raiment."

I gave him the card, consoling myself with the thought that no person of his general make-up could possibly get past the elevator starter. He would be known on sight as a beggar of some description and thrown hastily out of the building. As I left the saloon he resumed his sandwich boards preparatory to further peregrinations in the interests of the aforesaid corn cure.

I had been in my office about fifteen minutes the next morning when a gentleman entered, and it was not until he spoke that I recognized my lunatic. His mustache was trimmed close, and his face was clean shaved; he was dressed quite decently, if not in the extreme of fashion; his shoes were whole and recently polished, and, unless I am much mistaken, a Turkish bath had been the means employed to remove the last vestiges of the Kansas City "warm time." There was not less than fifty dollars' difference between this person and my sandwich man, and how he secured it I do not yet know.

"Say," he remarked, after we had shaken hands, "that outfit of mine was something paralyzing, wasn't it? Those corn-cure boards were a godsend. Served the same purpose Adam used the fig-leaves for, you know. Main part of those pants was in somebody else's memory. When I got 'em off and held 'em up and looked through 'em I blushed all the way down my back."

The laugh that followed was of an irresistibly contagious quality, and I joined even against my will.

"Say," he went on, "you're busy, aren't you? Well, I won't take up more than fifteen minutes of your time, but after your kindness yesterday I feel as though I ought to give you an idea of this proposition of mine. It's the biggest thing in this town. It's a Comstock lode, a Klondike, two Cripple Creeks rolled in one and tied with pink ribbon."

Now, my father put forty thousand good dollars in a gold mine, and they are still there. I have the beautifully engraved certificates of

stock in my vault. I was raised to consider a gold mine in the same category with the shell game, three-card monte, loaded dice, and a blind horse. I bought one of the last once. "Nothing the matter with him except that he's thin and doesn't look well," the dealer told me. So when my visitor mentioned gold mines I shied violently. He was astonished. I recounted my father's case.

"Quartz mine, wasn't it?" he asked, softly.

"I believe so," I admitted.

"Thought so," he averred, his tone indicating clearly that quartz mining for gold was an undiluted fake. "Now, this proposition of mine is entirely different. But, really, you misunderstand me. I'm not urging you to subscribe. Say, I don't have to urge

people, you know. I just thought it would be a decent Christian act to let you in on the ground floor. It's big. We'll be United States Senators before we get all the gold out of those placers. Say, we're young men yet. I'm thirty-six and you're not a day over that." (I am forty-two, but I did not interrupt him.)

"What's the use grubbing along, making twenty-five dollars a day, when there's tons of it just waiting to be dug up?"

I was not clearing twenty-five dollars a day, and he must have known it, but it did not lessen the force of his remarks. "I'm sorry I can't show you our prospectus," he went on. "I wired my hotel in Kansas City to ship my things, and they ought to be here to-morrow. Say, I can't half show up this proposition. I've got an engineer's report that's a corker. Tell you what I did. I took him down there and turned him loose. Told him I believed there was gold somewhere around there, and wanted him to report. Then I went off and left him. He was out two days, and when he showed up he could hardly talk, he was so gold crazy.

Fact! He begged me to let him in. But I said no. It wouldn't look well, you know, to have the mining engineer who made the report owning a big block of stock."

Mr. Schurtz stayed an hour that first morning, and talked all the time. To my subsequent sorrow I listened, and finally decided to look into the matter a little further before I sent him to any of my acquaintances. It might be a good thing, and the fewer there are on the inside of a good thing the larger is each one's slice. So I told him to call the next day. Next day found him on hand armed with prospectus, plats, reports, and so forth, and I devoted the whole morning to placer mining in New Mexico. It was somewhat disconcerting to learn that the mines were forty miles from a railroad, and in the heart of a region which I had always supposed to be utterly without water. The first difficulty he explained away by the statement that we didn't need any railroad; that we could do our business in utter isolation, merely shipping out the product once a month in yellow bricks. Under the spell of his enthusiasm I positively saw and handled those bricks. They were longer and thinner than the brick of commerce and architecture; they were smooth to the touch with an almost greasy smoothness; they were soft enough to cut with a knife, and were astoundingly heavy. As for the second objection, Schurtz placed a long, lean forefinger on a portion of the map where was traced a faint blue line—very faint.

"See that river?" he said. "That runs fourteen miner's inches some seasons of the year. What more do we want?" I didn't know a miner's inch from the ordinary variety, but his manner was convincing. I judged a miner's inch must be about four feet. Finally I told him it looked like a fair proposition, but I wished he would see my friend Cartright and talk it over with him. "If he decides to go in," I said, "I will, too." He took Cartright's address and left about noon. For the next two weeks I was not allowed to think of anything but gold mines, placer gold mines, placer gold mines in New Mexico. It seemed to me that one Schurtz lived, ate, and slept with me. Later I learned that Cartright was under a similar delusion during the same period.

It all ended in Cartright and myself scraping together ten thousand dollars and taking in return fifty thousand dollars' worth of stock apiece, at ten cents a share. The Burnt Creek Gold Mining Company was capitalized at two hundred thousand dollars in one-dollar shares, of which Schurtz held seventy-five thousand in return for the title to the property. The balance, except a few shares owned by a partner of his named Jenkins, who was down in New Mexico, "keeping an eye on things," remained in the treasury, to be sold as money was needed later on. We held a stockholders' meeting and elected Cartright president, myself vice-president and secretary, and Schurtz treasurer and general manager. Together we comprised the board of directors. The meeting was enthusiastic and unanimous. Schurtz made a speech in which he let us see visions of dividends all the way to three hundred percent. His remarks were punctuated by applause. One month later he left for New Mexico with the first machine, representing about seven thousand dollars in cold cash. We had a telegram from St. Louis, and then the following:

KANSAS CITY, MO., December 8th, 1900.

HENRY H. CARTRIGHT, 2701 Stock Exchange Building, Chicago.
Delayed here by important business. Have wired Jenkins receive machine. Will keep you posted.
L. Y. SCHURTZ.

Then we lost him. As treasurer and general manager, he had departed with all the company's remaining cash assets, which, he explained, would be needed in setting up the machine and for running expenses till



"YOURS FOREVER," HE SAID, AS HE SET DOWN THE GLASS.



"WHAT!" I SAID, WHEELING ON HIM.

the clean-up at the end of the month. Visions of another "warm time" in Kansas City kept me awake several nights, but I said nothing to Cartright. There wasn't any use in his lying awake, too. We wired Jenkins at Deadman, New Mexico, and the message came back marked "not found." Similarly fruitless were all efforts to reach Schurtz in Kansas City. At the end of a week I told Cartright my fears, and we decided that one of us must go to New Mexico and look things up. The lot fell to me.

It was raining a veritable deluge when I left the limited at Deadman, and I wondered why this country was labeled "desert" on the map. My first business was with the station-agent, a long, cadaverous individual, with a Southern drawl in his speech and a marvelous ability to pass tobacco juice through a knot-hole at any distance inside fifteen feet. Yes, they had been a car-load of machinery arrived. Yes, it were consigned to Bill Jenkins. Yes, Jenkins had done carted it off. Yes, he had took it up Burnt Creek some'ers. An hour later I had secured horses and a guide, and was riding north out of Deadman. It had not stopped raining and it did not. Think of a driving, drenching, drowning April shower! Multiply it by ten and let it continue all day. You will arrive at quite a reasonable volume of water. Those were the "desert" conditions I was now encountering.

It was level country, and the horses sloshed through the wet miles like hairy amphibians. We had started early, and at five in the afternoon pulled up before the shack my guide assured me belonged to Bill Jenkins. That individual presently appeared at the door, and I turned my horse over to the guide and accepted his invitation to enter. He was a short, broad, dark young man, with a pronounced nose. He was oppressively cheerful. When he learned who I was he hastened to assure me that the machinery had arrived and now lay on the bank of Burnt Creek, waiting to be set up. "An', sir," he added, pleasantly, "I bet we'll have a freshet in a' hour or so that'll carry the whole durn business plumb to the gulf."

"What's that?" I fairly yelled at him. "A freshet!"

"Sure," he answered. "Have two or three a year. But this one'll be a sizzler."

"Can't we save it?" I cried.

"Not hardly," he replied, still quite cheerful. "I reckon ef that freshet comes—which it will come—we'll have a right smart time savin' ourselves, let alone a couple o' tons o' iron."

I suddenly discovered I was not prepared to die. New Mexico did not appeal to me as a burying-ground. I seemed a long way from home.

"Is there any high spot around here?" I demanded, hastily.

"Plenty," replied Jenkins.

I rose at once.

"Suppose we go," I said.

"Just as you say," replied Jenkins. "You're the boss. I was figgerin' to pull out just as you come."

So I stood a half-hour later on a little bluff and watched a ten-foot wall of water come down that wretched creek, roaring like Niagara. It struck an outhouse and the same was not. It boomed into the shack and the shack disintegrated like a pinch of sugar. Trees, horses, cattle, a cabin roof, sections of a wooden flume from somewhere in the hills, all manner of flotsam tossed and pitched upon its crest, were sucked under, appeared again for an instant, and were gone. Huge boulders were gathered playfully up, rolled a mile or more, and splintered to fragments. It was devastation incarnate. In a moment the monster had mopped the valley, wiped it clean, and passed. Through it all Jenkins remained tranquilly cheerful. When his cabin went swirling off in a thousand miserable pieces he swore softly and allowed I would "have to travel some fur to see any better freshet than that there."

He pointed out various objects as they passed. "Thar goes Tom Sander's mule," he cried once, and burst forth in unrighteous mirth. His cheerfulness became intensely irritating. In fact, I may as well state now that the only time I saw him solemn was when I asked him, just before leaving, why this country was called dry. "Forty miles to a saloon," he replied, instantly. In an hour the river returned to its bed, a roaring, raving torrent still, but rapidly shrinking.

And the seven-thousand-dollar machine! Gone down the valley like a feather duster. Not a bolt or a crank remained. Engine, boiler, separator, raffle-board and conveyor, steam shovel and steel rails, swept off, to be scattered through two States like a handful of dry chips. We ate from our saddle pouches, slept on the bluff, or pretended to, and next day I was back in Deadman buying a return ticket. That night the East-bound limited was delayed four hours by a broken bridge over Burnt Creek, and I fancied my valuable machinery helped to do the damage. At Kansas City I left the train. I have friends in that town and I was sorely in need of a square meal. I was there recuperating for three days, getting up moral courage to face Cartright. On my way to the

train I passed the corner of an alley where a fakir was holding forth to an open-mouthed crowd, and the following greeted me:

"My name is Lycurgus Y. Schurtz. Say, that's a winner. You can't beat that in a thousand years. It'll make me rich before I die. And this patent knife-sharpener, scissors-grinder, can-opener, apple-corer, and potato-peeler, the Schurtz universal implement, the coming tool of the great and glorious American people, is the—"

He caught sight of me, and instantly reached for my hand, not forgetting the P. J. B. grip.



"I POSITIVELY SAW AND HANDLED THOSE BRICKS."

"Say," he said, "it's awful, ain't it? Had a wire from Jenkins yesterday. I'm just getting my feet under me again."

He was putting his universal implements in his valise and his face was a foot and a half long.

"How much of the company's cash have you on hand?" I demanded.

"Say," he replied, "I want to talk to you about that. Fact is, I met a fellow here who knew me, and well—when I came to, all I had in the world was a headache. But, say, it wasn't but two or three thousand. I'll give you my note for it at sixty days if you say so. I'm going into street railways. Gold mining is too all-fired risky for me. Say, who in all time would have thought a freshet would come down that little one-horse creek and waltz off with our plant before we could get it nailed down? I'm game as the next one, but that's—that's playing it a little too rough. I'm going into the trolley business soon as I get my feet under me. I'll make Jenkins a present of those old placers. He can wash a living out of 'em with a pan if he works hard. Say, you don't know anybody in this town with a little bunch of money to put in a sure thing, a little suburban line that'll pay regular dividends all the way to—"

"See here," I cut in, "do you know I can put you in the penitentiary? You're a fraud and an embezzler. You—"

"You're not going to jump on a man when he's down, are you, Hendricks? I said I'd give you my note for what slipped away from me. Say, make it thirty days if you like. I'm going to make a car-load of money in a week or two. This suburban line—"

But I fled. I was afraid of him.

Now, Cartright swears I dragged him into the scheme and accuses me as the author of all his woes. Each of us has charged up five thousand and odd to the wrong side of the profit-and-loss account, and I have added fifty thousand dollars of worthless stock to my father's handsome collection in the vault. The title to the placers has reverted to the government, and the government is welcome. As for Lycurgus Y. Schurtz, I think he will die a multi-millionaire if some one will only separate him from Kansas City and the fellow down there who knows him.

Safety on Railroads.

AFTER FOUR years of litigation, beginning with a local court in Utah in 1900, the United States Supreme Court has rendered a decision in a case involving the enforcement of the law requiring that railway cars shall be equipped with uniform automatic couplers. The decision is in the affirmative, and may be regarded as a long step forward in the protection of railway employes. Many railroads have been using automatic couplings for years, but there seems to have been a question as to how far the law could compel

their use, and also as to the extent to which they should be applied in the make-up of trains. The Supreme Court's decision is explicit on these points. Chief Justice Fuller said that its purport was to require that cars should be "equipped with couplers coupling automatically by impact, and which can be uncoupled without the necessity of men going between the ends of the cars." He held that the act requires that locomotives should be equipped with such couplers, notwithstanding its additional requirement that locomotives also should be equipped with power driving-brakes, adding that "it was as necessary for the safety of employes in coupling and uncoupling that locomotives should be equipped with automatic couplers as it was that freight and passenger and dining cars should be, perhaps more so, since engines have occasion to make couplings more frequently." The railroad companies should be compelled, it was said in conclusion, to adopt every practicable device for insuring the safety of their employes.

If the laws and regulations thus affirmed are generally enforced we may expect a marked diminution in the fatalities on railroads, especially among employes. Startling facts bearing on this subject are furnished in an article in the January number of *World's Work*. According to the writer, the number of employes killed on railroads of the United States in 1902 was 2,969, while the number injured was 60,524. The passengers killed in the same year numbered 732 and the injured 6,683. In 1903 nearly ten thousand persons were killed and over seventy-five thousand were injured by the railroads of this country. The slaughter on some of the world's greatest battle-fields was not as great as this. Our war in Cuba, in 1898, resulted in the killing of only five hundred soldiers, all told, and about twenty-five hundred died in hospitals. In comparison with our record of railroad casualties the statistics of the railroads of Great Britain show strongly for the increased care and safety in railroad operation in the latter country. Whereas in Great Britain in 1902 only one employe of every 1,324 was killed, with us the proportion was one employe of every 404. In Great Britain the proportion of injured was one employe out of every 151; in the United States it was one employe out of every 24. The proportions of killed and injured passengers in the two countries was still more in favor of Great Britain. Thus the number of passengers killed on the English roads in 1902 was only 732, or less than one-ninth the number killed in the United States.

These statements as to the perils of railroading in the United States lend force and significance to the recommendation of President Roosevelt, in his recent message, that block signals should be introduced on all American roads. The writer already quoted says that the greater safety of British lines is very largely due to almost complete reliance on block signals to guard their trains against accident. It will be observed that several of the most shocking fatalities in this country last year, resulting in the loss of many lives, were from collisions that might have been avoided by the use of block signals. On the mere score of economy, to speak of no higher considerations,

it would doubtless pay the railroads of the United States to introduce block-signaling. The number of railroad collisions in 1904 was over six thousand, entailing an estimated direct loss on the railroad companies of not less than five million dollars, with, perhaps, as much more in the settlement of damagesuits. These millions would go far toward equipping every road in the country, where they are not now in use, with block signals.

But the chief point is the safeguarding of human life; the avoidance of the suffering and sorrow occasioned by railroad horrors upon which no money value can be placed. It is not the question of profit or loss, but the saving of human life, and here is where the law should step in and compel the adoption of approved safety devices on every railway line in the United States. The continuous growth of traffic on so many railroad lines, calling for an increase in the number and speed of trains,

is yearly rendering it more necessary to pay attention to safety appliances.

Greatest of All Tonics.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE nourishes, strengthens, and imparts new life and vigor. Supplies the needed tonic and nerve food.

For Safety

in the delicate process of feeding infants, Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is unexcelled except by good mother's milk, as it is rendered perfectly sterile in the process of preparation. Lay in a supply for all kinds of expeditions. Avoid unknown brands.



"SAY," HE SAID, "IT'S AWFUL, AIN'T IT?"



"I REGRET to announce that Lieutenant Kiely, of the province of Capiz, while in search of some ladrones, was attacked by a native who had feigned sickness in order to assassinate him. His arm was cut open with a bolo, when one of his squad sprang in front of the officer to defend him and was also severely cut. The assailant endeavored to escape, but was shot dead by another private. The officer died of his injuries."

A half-dozen lines of the red-taped language of a War Department report. What did it really mean? Just this—a brown man stood between one of his own kind and a white man, risking his life to protect his officer. But this is only one of a hundred such stories you can hear told in the military club—at Manila or in Washington, for that matter. Among the wearers of the shoulder-straps who have campaigned in the far-away islands are veterans who won their rank on the plains with Crook and rode against the Sioux and Cheyennes in the old Union Pacific days, and West Pointers fresh from the school on the Hudson. Ask any of them about the Filipino who has enlisted in Uncle Sam's service, and each will say that such reports tell only part of the truth, that the enlisted Filipino is not merely brave and loyal, but also efficient. "Give them the ration of a white man, treat them right, and they will make as good soldiers as you can find under any flag; I don't care where you go." So said the American commander of a scout company recently when the writer put the question to him.

Some we call scouts and some constabulary, but all the same this little insular army is a body of soldiers who can march, shoot, fight as courageously and obey orders as well as the average regular. This fact is admitted by every officer who has done duty in the Philippines, but the best proof of it is that these men—a mere handful in numbers compared with the population—have been successfully preserving the peace and upholding the prestige of the American flag in the entire archipelago. So well have they done their work that only now and then does the cable bring news of any disturbance, and within the past year the only uprising of importance has been that where thirty-seven of his men surrounded their white officer and fought with him to the death against the rebels of Samar. To-day the soldiers from the States have little else to do except play soldier, like their fellows at home, with the daily routine of dress-parade and guard-mount of post life.

Less than five years ago—to be exact, in July, 1901—Captain Allen, the soldier-explorer of Alaskan fame, took up the task of turning Tagalog and Macabebe, Ilocano and Cagayan, from the fighters of barbarism into military preservers of the peace. The tribesmen of Luzon itself are sufficiently numerous to enlist a force for the requirements, but the Philippine commission decided to fill the ranks with as many different classes as possible, and Captain Allen was ordered to get recruits throughout the islands. Thus these auxiliary troops represent the majority of the tribes, and their military qualities can be compared. So difficult was the undertaking that at the end of the first year only a few commands had been mustered in, acting as scouts in aiding the regular forces against the rebels; but, marching and fighting side by side with the white men, often mapping out their way through jungle and forest, they proved that the organization of native allies was a success.

The story of soldier-making among the islanders is worth the telling. Here it is, in the language of an officer who literally created one of the best commands of scouts: "We did not pick them out for their goodness or general morality. The first thing to be considered was if the man was strong and healthy; next, if he knew enough to understand what he was told to do in his own language. As to his courage, we could only tell about that after putting him in a rice field where he might have a spear run into him any minute or get a pinparing (struck with a war-axe) before he knew what happened. In fact, the orders from Manila were to enlist as many of the carabao thieves and others of bad repute as we could get into the files, along with the better ones—provided they were fit in other respects and mix them all up together. The idea was that it would be a good way to keep them from making trouble if we could hold them down by discipline. To each company were assigned enough sergeants and corporals from the regular forces to put them into some kind of shape with drills and setting-up exercises. Then they were taught how to wear a uniform. Of course we worked them in squads at first, and as they became familiar with the manual of arms and learned what it means to keep step, they were formed into companies. Once they acquired a smattering of tactics, they went ahead so fast that soon the drill-masters were sent back to the garrisons,

By Day Allen Willey

and sergeants and corporals promoted from their own ranks handled the awkward squads.

"It may seem strange, but the very ones from whom we expected the most trouble—the thieves and other riffraff taken into the service—have, as a rule, shown themselves to be among the best soldiers—not merely brave, but efficient. This has been the case in my own experience, and in other provinces as well. One trouble about these fellows has been to hold them back when they get into a fight. Just after we began recruiting the scouts a call for troops came from one of the settlements in Cavite province, where a band of ladrones and former insurrectos had begun pillaging, and killing when the people offered resistance. The only command within a day's march of the place was a company of Tagalogs who had been mustered in less than a month before. It included a good many natives whose reputation had been bad. They had never been under fire, and it was a question if they would not desert and join the other crowd at the first chance. Then, too, the captain and first lieutenant were young officers just from the States, and were in command for the first time. But there was no choice, and they were ordered out. They reached the place where the ladrones had been at work, located their camp in the centre of a big swamp, and struck it one morning at daybreak. It was a case of over three to one in favor of the ladrones, who had plenty of rifles, besides bolos, but that company went right into them, routed the whole outfit, and killed and wounded fifty-three in all, as the department records prove. They obeyed orders until after they had the band on the run, then, paying no attention to the command of recall, they chased them until too exhausted to go farther. Several of the company did not show up after the attack until dusk. One of the American sergeants who was with them said they fought like devils, and he was probably right."

Great Britain and Holland station their colonial soldiers at posts far removed from the vicinity of their homes. Thus a regiment of Gurkhas is never placed on duty within the district from which it was raised, faithful as these troops have shown themselves to be to their adopted colors. Our own government believed that the Filipino scout or constable could be trusted to do his duty among his own tribespeople. Nearly all the companies of Macabebes, for instance, are in such provinces as Cavite, Bulacan, and Batangas; the Ilocanos are in Rizal, Albay, and Mindoro, the Cagayans in Batangas and Albay, the Tagalogs in Cavite, and the Visayans in Mindoro and Albay. Even in the heart of Mindanao, General Wood, its governor, has already made progress in organizing a force composed of soldiers who a few years ago were head-hunting with bow and criss, among them Igorrotes who have been induced to doff the "gee" string and don the uniform of the constable, and to discard the knife and spear. So it is that this branch of our military service does not come from Luzon merely, but represents the people of all the larger islands and not a few of the smaller. In the same platoon with the aristocrats of the Philippines, the Visayans, may be found their old-time enemies, the Cagayans, but usually entire commands are enlisted from single tribes, just as the American militia is mobilized in regiments from the various States.

Only six years ago the American flag was raised for the first time on the ancient battlements of Manila. Now it is hoisted at sunrise and lowered at sunset in nearly every community of the Philippines, but into many a town it has been carried by a company of scouts or constabulary, some of whom a year or so before knew as little about it as the villagers who see it for the first time. Considering the strength of the army employed, probably no people of such extent and character have ever been placed under the government of another so quickly, but American success in this respect has been largely due to the native ally. The little army of less than 7,000 officers and men is scattered among the islands at 212 different posts or stations. Some are within sight of Manila and within gunshot of its American garrison. Others are hundreds of miles from any other uniformed men and surrounded only by those of their own race. Many a captain or lieutenant spends month after month on mountain side or in valley, at a place where he never hears a word of pure English except that which is spoken by his junior officer—if he has an American assistant. His commands may be given in English to men who cannot speak a word of it distinctly, yet who obey him as implicitly as if they had marched and fought under him half their lives. The forces are, of course, placed where their services are most needed.

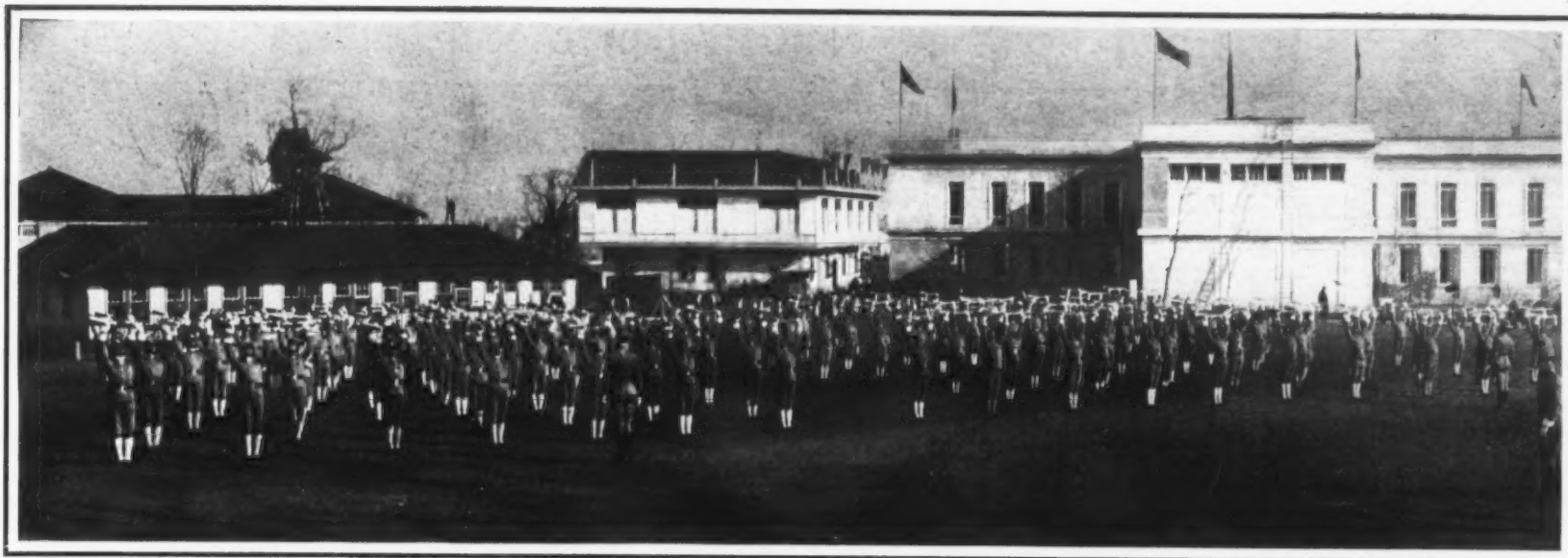
If a province has suffered from robbery and murder by ladrones, or contains chiefs who have been hostile in the past, it will bear watching. Then the outbreaks of fanatics must be guarded against, but the largest detachment in a province is rarely over 300. Others are so peaceful that less than an ordinary infantry company is enough to preserve order. There are hundreds of towns which do not have a single member of the scouts or constabulary, and scores of others where the little garrison is in command of a native inspector or sub-officer, who performs his duty as conscientiously as if responsible for the safety of Manila itself.

The military men of the Old World who are familiar with native auxiliaries such as England, Holland, and other nations have enrolled in their dependencies are astonished at what has been done in the Philippines, for here is an island world, its seven millions of people scattered over 1,600 pieces of Oceania. The territory itself is as large as all New England with New York thrown in, but so isolated are some of the settlements that the commander of a province may be obliged to travel 300 miles by sea and land to go from end to end of it. If these little Filipino garrisons were assigned to keep law and order in the States west of the Mississippi they would not have to cover as much ground as they do—but they are responsible for the peace of these millions who are cut up into a hundred and more tribes, different in custom and speech, while in religions they include Roman Catholics, Buddhists, Mohammedans, and savage idolaters. Yet to-day, with the exception of an occasional disturbance here and there, this mixture of humanity is entirely controlled by guards of their own race, who did not take the oath to serve the United States until five years ago.

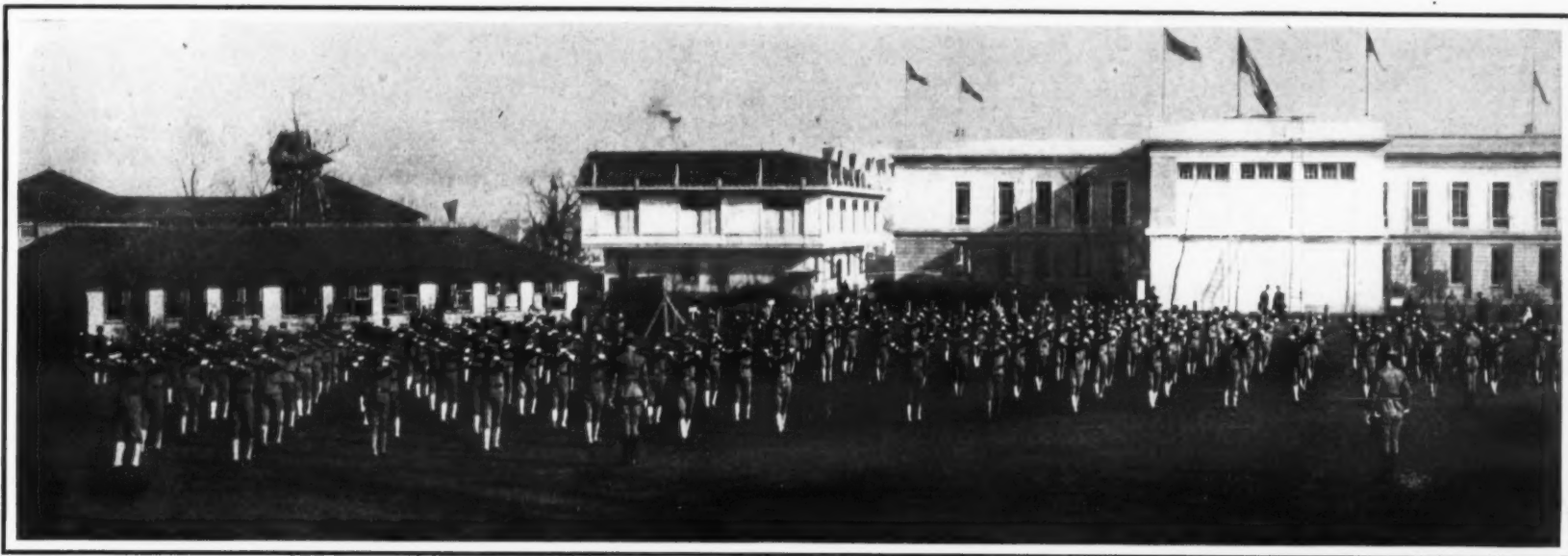
No wonder experts in soldiery are amazed when they know that we have done more to make the Philippines self-governing, from a military point of view, than some of the foreign Powers have accomplished in their colonies in a century. "What are these Filipinos," they ask, "that they handle the rifle and wear the khaki as if the equipment had been handed down to them from their ancestors?" The *attachés* who visited the bit of the Philippine world transplanted at St. Louis just for an object-lesson found the answer to this question, and an answer which to them was a startling one. Among them were men conversant with the great armies of the world—students of the evolutions at Aldershot, the mimic warfare of the Kaiser's corps, and of the sham battles of France. Some of them were with the allies before Peking, and were present when the Japanese stormed its walls. Others were observers of the present war with Kuroki in the Manchurian campaign.

When the battalions of scouts and constabulary who came to America as a part of the human exhibit "fell in" on their parade ground, the veterans in the art of war saw that they were parts of a great human machine, such were the evenness and the precision with which they marched, countermarched, and wheeled. With the command, "Parade rest!" each became a statue of flesh and blood, yet rigid as a piece of stone. But this perfection in drill, which was excelled by only one other military command at the exposition—the West Point cadets—was not what startled the critics. They noted a wonderful similarity to the men who have recently been termed the world's best soldiers—the men of Nippon. There were the same set, stoical features, the fixed gaze without even the tremor of a muscle, the lithe agile figures, yet upright, soldierly bearing. The foreign officers watched the little groups strolling about off duty. They watched the sentinel patrolling his post at the barracks, every feature, from dress to gun position, as correct as if he had seen twenty years of service. They admitted that only by the uniform could the Japanese of the stars and stripes be distinguished from those who follow the banner of the rising sun.

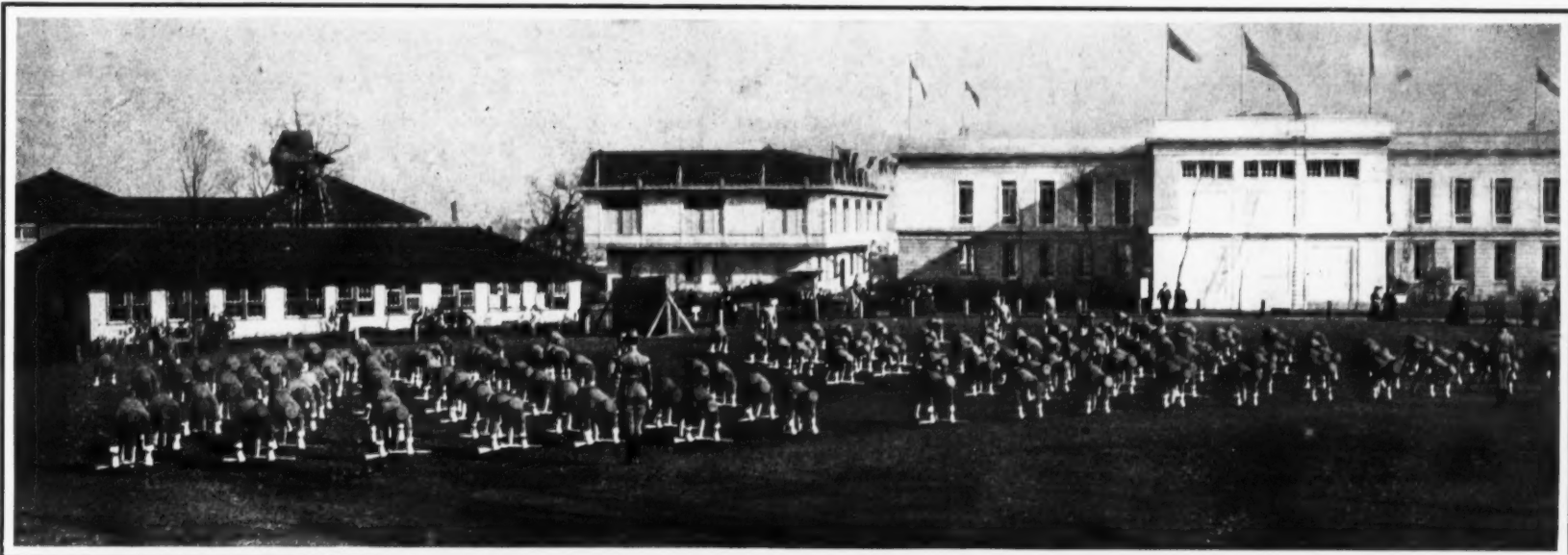
When it is remembered that this display of fighting men was intended only as a fair illustration of our insular army, and that many other commands are of as high standard, the term startling is indeed fitting. The *attachés* realized what the United States may become as a world Power with a hundred thousand such soldiers in the far East. But from the island people 200,000 could be as readily mustered, not only for service in the Orient, but also for the defense, if need be, of our other dependencies or the States themselves. Would they come to fight shoulder to shoulder with the Americans? If you doubt what their officers say, ask any visitor to the Philippine reservation who heard its band play the "Star-spangled Banner." Wherever a scout or constable was within sound of its notes one could see him standing erect with head bared and hand at salute until the last strains had died away—a living lesson in patriotism from which many a white man profited.



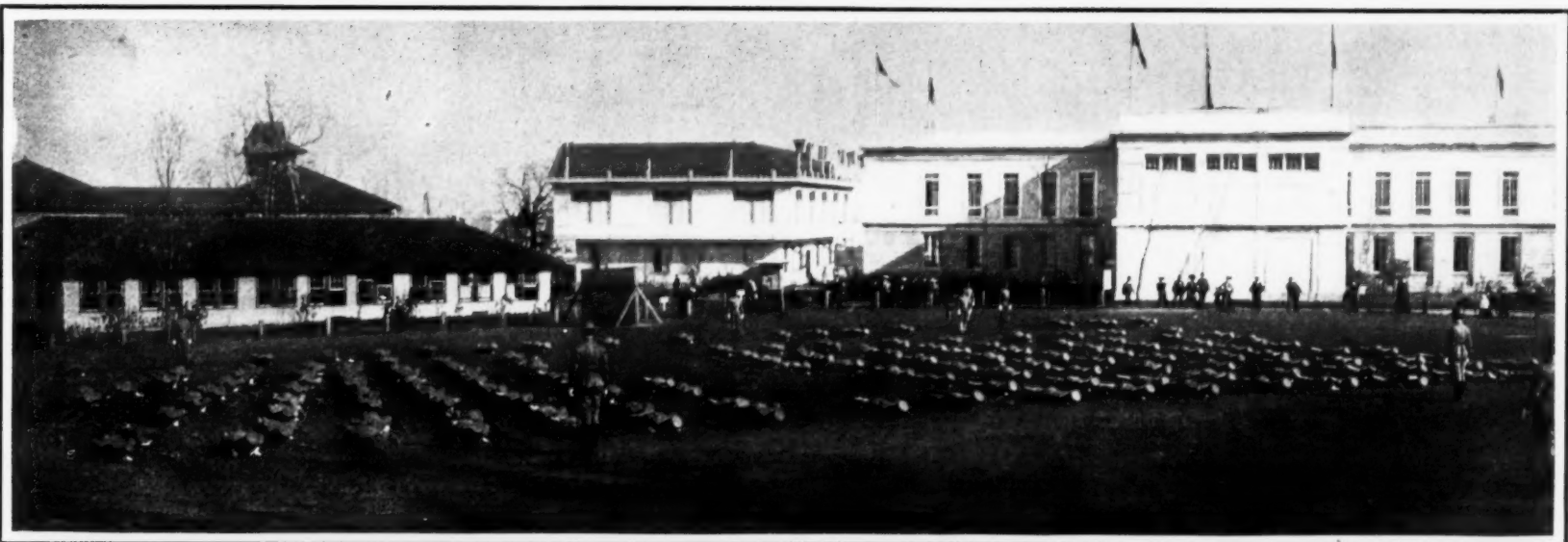
FILIPINOS OF THE CONSTABULARY FORCE ENGAGED IN DRILL.



GUN CALISTHENICS OF THE FILIPINO CONSTABULARY.



FILIPINO CONSTABULARY DURING DRILL PICKING UP ARMS.



NATIVE SOLDIERS OF THE PHILIPPINES DISPLAYING THEIR AGILITY ON THE PARADE-GROUND.

BRAVE AND EFFICIENT FILIPINO ALLIES OF OUR ARMY.
CONSTABULARY FORCE IN THE PHILIPPINES, COMPOSED ENTIRELY OF NATIVES, SHOWS REMARKABLE APTITUDE FOR
MILITARY DUTIES. *See opposite page.*

Toils and Perils of North Atlantic Seal-hunters

By D. W. Allen



WHEN A WOMAN speaks of her "sealskin" she means the coat of fur from the seal of the North Pacific, so highly prized that it may be worth a thousand dollars if of

the finest quality. There is another kind of seal, however, which we turn into leather for boots and trunks, and which my lady takes on shopping tours in the form of her purse. Where one of the garment seals is brought to the United States a thousand of the leather seals are used; yet few outside of their buyers know of their existence. To secure these seals every year 6,000 hardy Newfoundlanders venture among the great ice fields of the North Atlantic, literally taking their lives in their hands, in one of the most perilous avocations followed by man.

Formerly the seal-hunt was carried on in stout schooners, but these have been, in late years, almost entirely superseded by steamers strongly built, sheathed with wood, and having their stems plated with iron, so as to cleave their way through the ice fields. Each carries from two hundred to three hundred in its crew. It would be difficult to find a finer body of stalwart men than the seal-hunters of Newfoundland. Their powers of endurance are marvelous, and their daring courage is shown in battling with the floes and following their prey amid the crashing bergs and ice masses, from which other men would shrink in terror. The perils and hardships they have to encounter, the skill and courage required, and the possible rich prizes to be won lift this adventure above the ordinary level and throw around it a romantic interest. Not the seal-hunters alone, but the whole population of the island, from the richest to the poorest, take a deep interest in the fortunes of the hunt. It is like an army going out to do battle for those who remain at home. A steamer will sometimes go out and return in two or three weeks, bringing home as many as a thousand seals, each worth \$250. The successful hunters are welcomed with ringing cheers, like returning conquerors, and are the heroes of the hour. What tales they have to tell of perils in the icy wildernesses, of narrow escapes from being crushed, of cold plunges into the treacherous ice chasm! No wonder the young Newfoundlanders long for the day when he will get "a berth to the ice," and share in the excitement of the hunt.

The great aim of the hunters is to get among the "white-coats," as the young harp seals are called, in their babyhood, when yet fed by their mothers' milk, and while they are powerless to escape. Their skins are finer than those of the older animals; the oil, too, ex-

tracted from the blubber of the young seals is of a much better quality than that obtained from the full-grown animals. The milk on which they are sustained is of a thick, creamy consistency, yellowish in color, and very rich and nutritious. This is proved by the extraordinary rapidity of their growth. When born they weigh some six or seven pounds, and in three weeks they have increased to forty or fifty pounds. The baby seal is born with an oily coating of blubber just beneath the skin, which in ten or twelve days

their way and perishing miserably in these ice deserts, or of falling through the openings which are covered with the snow as it falls and freezes. Sometimes the field ice on which they are at work separates without a moment's warning into fragments, and they are floated off to perish by

cold and hunger, unless rescued by a passing vessel. Such are their skill and fortitude, however, and their knowledge of the movements of the ice that comparatively few mishaps occur.

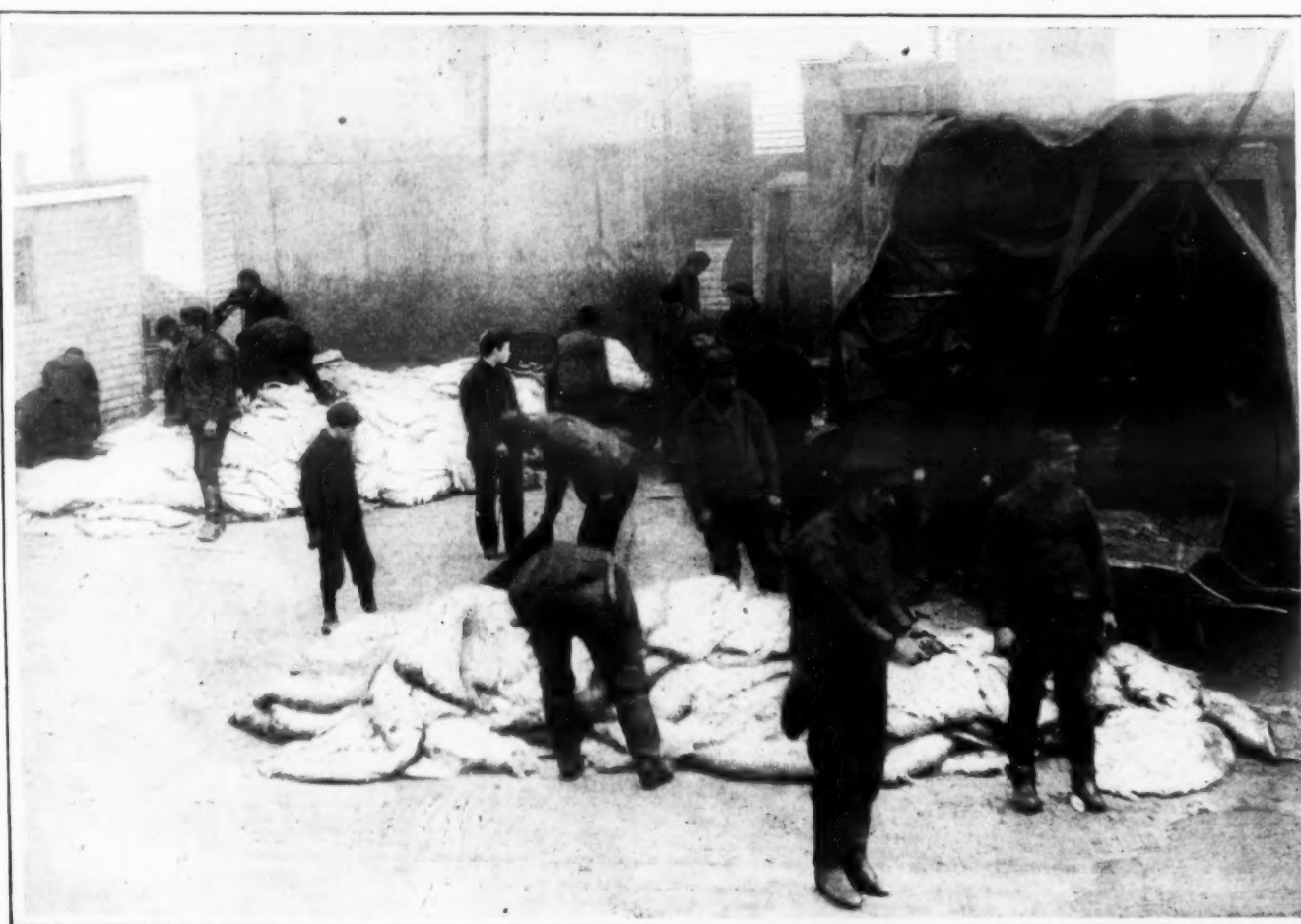
The greatest danger of all is when a violent storm rages, breaking up the ice fields and driving before it the larger floes intermingled with floating fragments of ice as hard as granite. When the wild northeaster rises, the great swell of the Atlantic rolling in continuous ridges heaves the pavement of ice on its mighty folds. Speedily the ice field is broken up into smaller pieces, or floes. The whole mass opens and expands, and then the broken fragments are dashed against one another or piled on each other in hummocks, or

hills of ice. At times the fragments are lifted high on the swell and flung upon the floe, being piled over each other in layers fifty feet in height. This is called the "rafting" of the ice. The thundering crashes of the ice giants as they grapple and dash one another to death, combined with the roaring overhead of the blinding snow-storm, make up a scene of awe and terror. Then at times a huge iceberg takes part in the fray, sailing solemnly forward, rending and tearing the ice field and scattering its fragments far and wide. Such are some of the scenes amid which the seal-hunters have to labor. During the seal-hunt of 1872 one hundred men perished—fifty of them having gone down in a single sailing-vessel called the *Huntsman*. In the same year two steamers, the *Bloodhound* and the *Retriever*, were crushed in the ice and sank, but their crews escaped over the ice, after enduring great hardships. In 1896 two steamers, the *Windsor Lake* and the *Wolf*, were crushed in the ice in such a storm as has been described, but no life was lost.

When the vessel reaches St. Johns with her fat cargo the skimmers go to work and separate the skins and the fat. The former are salted and stored for export. By means of steam-driven machinery the fat is cut up by revolving knives into minute pieces, then ground finer by a sort of gigantic sausage-machine, afterward steamed to extract the oil, and then exposed for a time in glass-covered tanks to the action of the sun's rays, and finally barreled for exportation. The annual catch of seals is from 200,000 to 400,000. Nearly all the skins go to the United States.



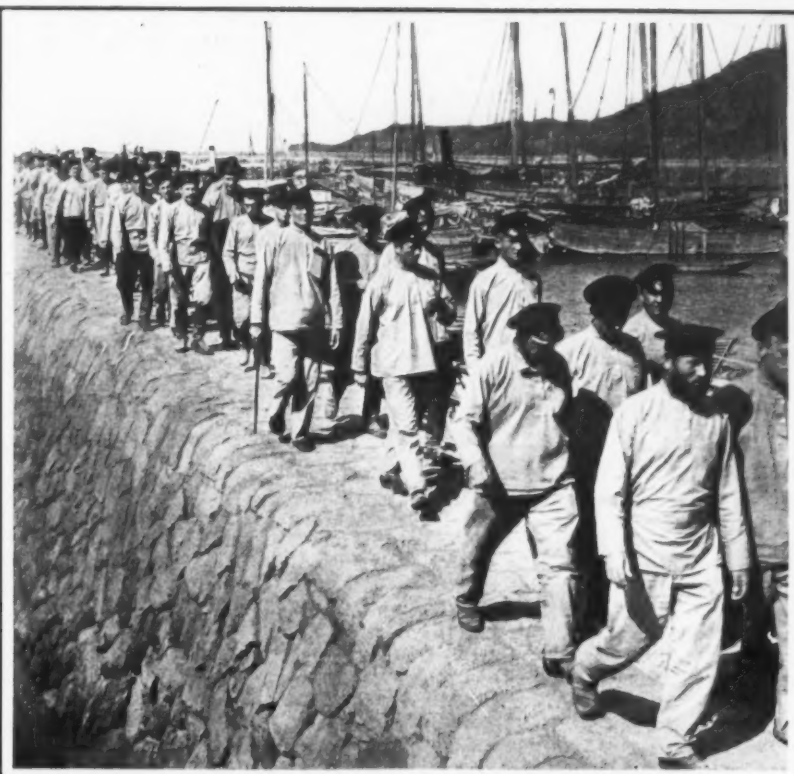
RETURN OF THE FIRST SEALER FROM THE HUNT—UNLOADING THE PELTS AT ST. JOHNS, N. F.



WEIGHING SEAL PELTS AT ST. JOHNS, N. F., FOR SHIPMENT TO THE UNITED STATES.



JAPANESE SOLDIERS WOUNDED IN THE BATTLES AROUND LIAO-YANG LANDED AT HIROSHIMA.



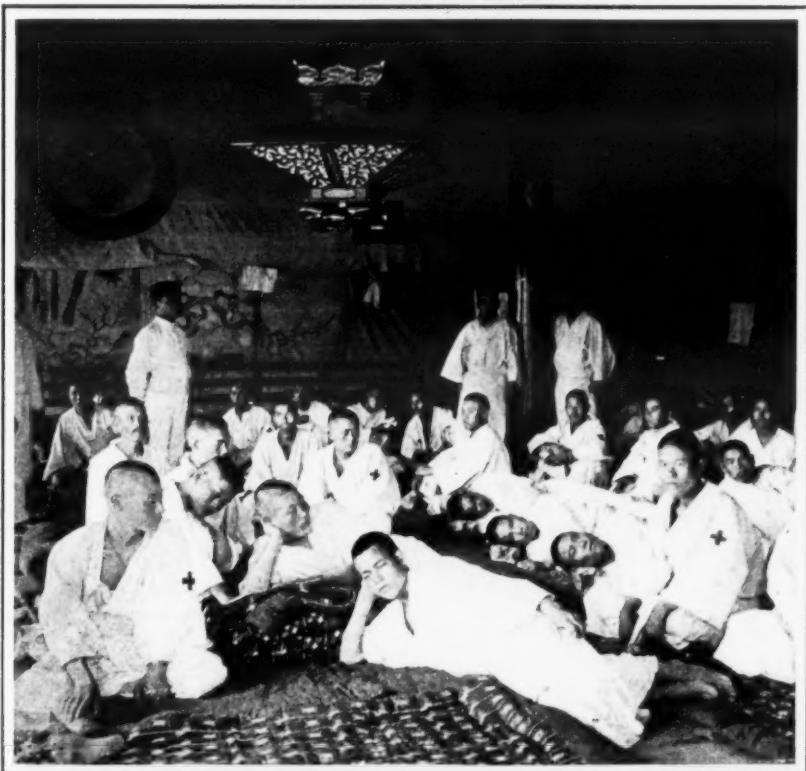
ARRIVAL OF CAPTURED RUSSIANS AT THE PORT OF MITSUGAHAMA.



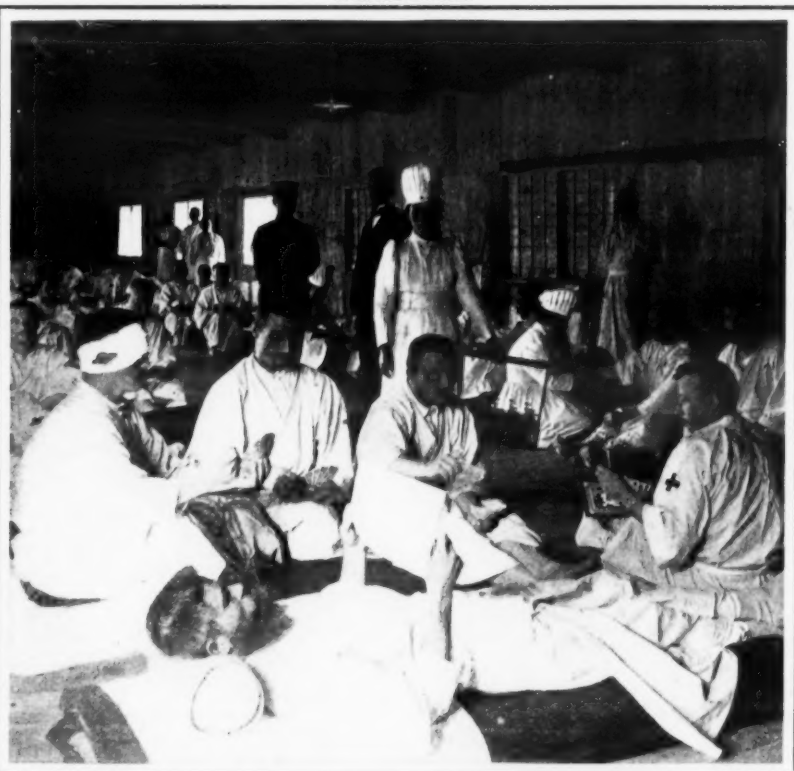
MILITARY SPIRIT OF YOUNG JAPAN—ONE OF THE NUMEROUS BOYS' PARADES OCCURRING DAILY THROUGHOUT THE EMPIRE.



WOUNDED IN AN ARBOR AT HIROSHIMA AWAITING THEIR TURN IN THE OPERATING-ROOM.



INTERIOR OF ONE OF MANY TEMPLES AT HIROSHIMA, USED AS HOSPITALS FOR WOUNDED SOLDIERS.



WARD FOR THE WOUNDED IN THE RUSSIAN PRISONERS' HOSPITAL AT MATSUYAMA.

WAR'S GRIM EVIDENCES WITHIN JAPAN'S OWN BORDERS.

SACRED EDIFICE CROWDED WITH WOUNDED JAPANESE, RUSSIAN PRISONERS IN HOSPITAL, AND MILITARY ARDOR OF THE BOYS OF JAPAN.—Reproduced from stereographs, copyrighted 1905, by H. C. White Co. H. G. Ponting, photographer.



ONE bitter winter, long ago,
Was born a little babe,
Destined for every land to know
And love as Honest Abe.
The forest sang his cradle-song
When first to earth he came,
And patiently from cabin walls
He climbed the way to fame.

THE eyes that coned his legal books
So late by candle-light,
Amid the tangled maze of wrong
Soon saw the path of right.
The sinewy hand that swung the axe
And felled the giant tree,
Struck off a century of chains
And set the bondman free.

FROM old New England's snow-clad hills
To Tampa's turquoise bay,
With flags and flowers and rolling drums
We keep his natal day.
Let this be written with his name
For all the world to scan—
Divinest pity ruled his life,
He loved his fellow-man.

MINNA IRVING.



Books and Authors

By La Salle A. Maynard

AMONG MANY other excellent features of the recent volume by the Hon. John A. Kasson on the "Evolution of the United States Constitution" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is a supplementary chapter, or division, giving a history of the origin and development of the Monroe Doctrine. This history is mainly derived from the original records on file in the Department of State at Washington, and may therefore be relied upon as accurate and authoritative. This publication is of special value and timeliness at the present juncture, when the famous declaration of President Monroe is under discussion once more on both sides of the Atlantic. Mr. Kasson's history is clear and concise, and yet sufficiently full and comprehensive to answer every purpose of the ordinary reader and student. He does not write as a partisan or an extremist, but as an American citizen and a genuine and loyal supporter of American principles and institutions. He shows how the Monroe Doctrine has been interpreted and applied from the time of its enunciation down to the present day, and the continuity and uniformity of our national adherence to the doctrine, irrespective of political parties, are fully shown by reference to the messages of successive Presidents addressed to Congress, including that of President Cleveland with reference to the Venezuelan boundary question. The concluding paragraph of Mr. Kasson's history is such an admirable summing up of the argument for the Monroe Doctrine, in the light of present circumstances, that we cannot forbear quoting it in full: "Our American republic has never cast a covetous eye upon any part of European territory, or of the neighboring African continent, nor upon any island off their coasts. Its policy has never, in the course of its history, indicated any desire to interfere with the territorial distribution of Europe, or with its forms of government, or with the internal affairs of its various nations. On the contrary, we have repeatedly affirmed our policy of absolute non-interference and non-acquisition of European or African territory. Even the vast discoveries of central Africa, made by Stanley under the American flag, did not tempt the republic to swerve from her principle of non-acquisition of transatlantic domains. In return, America demands the like non-interference by European Powers in the affairs of the American continents and the like non-acquisition of American territorial or insular possessions. This reciprocal policy will not only contribute to the mutual prosperity of nations, but tend strongly to the preservation of international peace, which is now the common aspiration of all Christian nations." It seems to us that this paragraph covers the whole case for the Monroe Doctrine.

ALL WHO contemplate visiting the Lewis and Clark exposition at Portland, Ore., next summer should embrace the first opportunity to read the two volumes, "The Trail of Lewis and Clark," written by

Mr. Olin D. Wheeler, a member of the Minnesota Historical Society, and published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. These volumes give not only a complete and highly entertaining narrative of the famous exploring expedition of Lewis and Clark across the continent in 1804-06, but also, what is equally entertaining, a vivid description of the scenes along the old trail as they may be seen to-day, with all the marvelous changes which a century of civilization has wrought. The text is re-enforced and supplemented with two hundred illustrations, chiefly photographs, of scenes along the old trail, portraits of prominent personages, important historical documents, letters, manuscripts, and mementoes of all sorts and descriptions. In addition, there are several maps and charts. The whole work is based on the personal investigations, studies, and observations of the author, who has traveled over the Lewis and Clark trail many times and is thoroughly familiar with the history and scenery throughout.

THE GENERAL plan of the work, "The Trail of Lewis and Clark," consists in a description, first, of the Louisiana Purchase, followed by a chapter on the organization and personnel of the expedition, and then the narrative, in successive chapters, of the long journey itself, from Wood River to Fort Mandan, from Mandan to Maria's River, and so on up the Missouri, over the Rockies, and down the Columbia. Several chapters in conclusion describe the return journey to St. Louis. The story is plentifully interspersed and enlivened with extracts from the journals of the explorers, detailing the adventures and remarkable experiences of their daring enterprise. These extracts, indeed, furnish many fresh, graphic, and most entertaining descriptions of the habits, customs, and manners of the various Indian tribes encountered on the journey westward; descriptions of mountains, lakes, rivers, and other wonderful bits of natural scenery then for the first time seen by the eyes of white men; descriptions, also, of great herds of buffalo and numerous other kinds of wild game, and of many thrilling and hairbreadth escapes from savages and from other perils of the mountains and plains.

MR. H. C. MARILLIER'S illustrated volume on the art and life of "Dante Gabriel Rossetti" appears in a third edition abridged and revised. The author's general aim is to interweave a brief sketch of Rossetti's life with a detailed account of his artistic work. The present edition, issued at a greatly reduced price, omits reproductions of sketches and studies, but retains between eighty and ninety half-tones and photographs showing Rossetti's finest works.

THE REV. WILLIAM JAMES DAWSON, minister of the Highbury Quadrant Congregational Church in London, has prepared for publication in book form the sermons which he preached not long ago in Ply-

mouth Church, Brooklyn. The volume will be issued in the spring by the Fleming H. Revell Company, under the title of "The Evangelistic Note." Mr. Dawson has written an introduction to the sermons, in which he describes the experiences that led him to revolutionize his methods of work in his easy-going, prosperous London religious society, and to enter upon the evangelizing campaign that brought him to the United States. The latest word from Mr. Dawson is that he has just resigned his charge in London, and is coming immediately to this country for a four months' evangelistic crusade.

THE REV. DAVID J. BURRELL, D.D., LL.D., of the Marble Collegiate Church, Fifth Avenue, New York, an eloquent preacher and a scholar of high repute, has produced in "The Teaching of Jesus Concerning the Scriptures" a book that commends itself to every Christian believer. It is not a large volume, but few works of any size contain so much potency of argument. This is the sixth of a series of volumes on the teachings of Jesus by eminent writers and divines, edited by the Rev. Dr. John H. Kerr, and published by the American Tract Society, at New York. The book essays to prove by the attitude and the words of the Saviour himself the entire authenticity of the Scriptures as a divine revelation. Dr. Burrell shows that Jesus positively approved the sacred writings existing in his time, and placed His anticipatory approval on writings concerning His life and doctrine which were to be made by certain of His inspired followers. On this basis the New Testament is held to have co-ordinate authority with the Old as being equally true and trustworthy. In verification of his view the doctor quotes many a saying by Jesus, and he maintains that the silence of the Master as to alleged errors of Holy Writ indicates that in His judgment the Scriptures are worthy of absolute credence as the perfect word of God. The book is well and engagingly written, and it interests from cover to cover. A good index increases its value.

A STORY that is far from flattering to the House of Representatives is told by Francis E. Leupp, the correspondent of the Washington Post, who is the author of "The Man Roosevelt," one of Appleton's recent publications. Mr. Leupp was working for a minor paper near Washington many years ago, and his occupations at first were varied in the extreme. One day his city editor, business manager, and press foreman handed him a list of printed names. "Just run over this list of names," he said, "and whenever you see the prefix Hon. before any of them send that man a bill of advance."

PREPARE the system to endure summer heat by fortifying with Abbott's Angostura Bitters.



SHOCKING END OF AN AUTOMOBILE RIDE AT ORMOND, FLA.

CROWD VIEWING THE SCENE OF THE COLLISION ON THE BEACH BETWEEN FRANK CROKER'S SWIFT RACING-CAR AND A MOTOR CYCLE, WHICH CAUSED THE DEATH OF THE EX-TAMMANY CHIEF'S SON AND OF HIS CHAUFFEUR, AND THE SERIOUS INJURY OF A CYCLIST.—THE WRECKED AUTOMOBILE IS SEEN IN THE WATER.—Photograph from Brown Brothers.



THE START IN THE FINAL HEAT OF THE ONE-MILE CHAMPIONSHIP RACE FOR THE DEWAR CUP, WHICH WAS WON BY LOUIS ROSS (IN CAR AT EXTREME RIGHT) —*Spooner.*



ROSS (AT LEFT) AND W. K. VANDERBILT, JR., BOTH SENSATIONAL DRIVERS, LINING UP FOR A RACE.—*Spooner.*



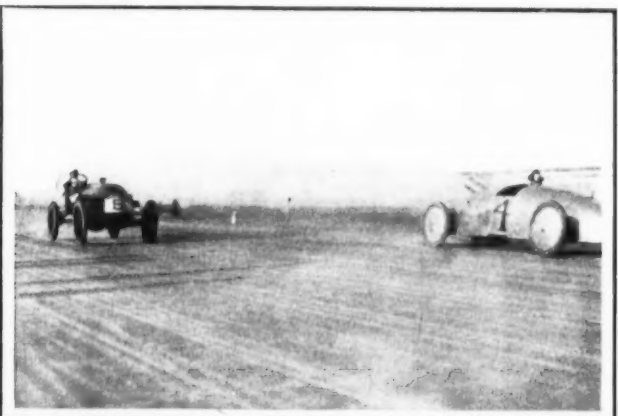
THE TOURING-CAR HANDICAP RACE—THE CONTESTANTS READY FOR THE START. Photograph from *Brown Brothers.*



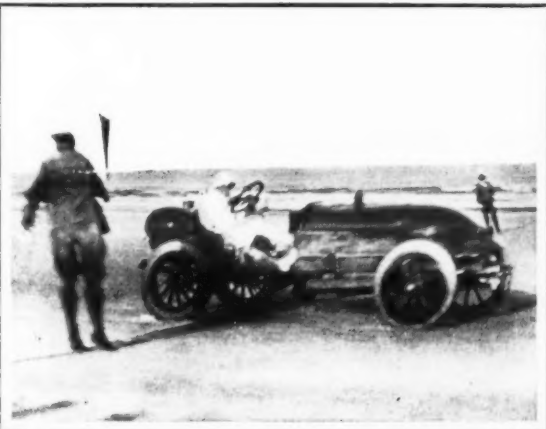
THE MILE RIDE FOR THE WORLD'S RECORD, WON BY BOWDEN. *Pierson.*



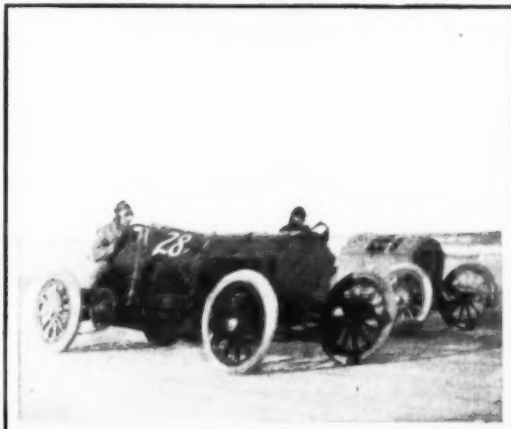
H. L. BOWDEN, HOLDER OF THE WORLD'S NEW MILE RECORD, 32 4-5 SECONDS.—*Pierson.*



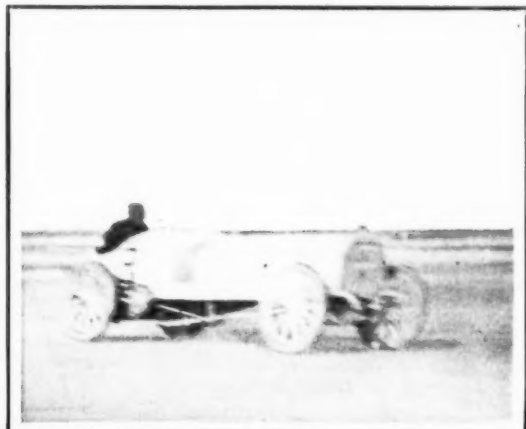
HOT CONTEST BETWEEN ROSS AND MACDONALD IN THE KILOMETRE RACE, WON BY MACDONALD.—*Spooner.*



ARTHUR MACDONALD STARTING IN THE FIVE-MILE RIDE, IN WHICH HE MADE THE NEW WORLD'S RECORD OF 3:17.—*Spooner.*



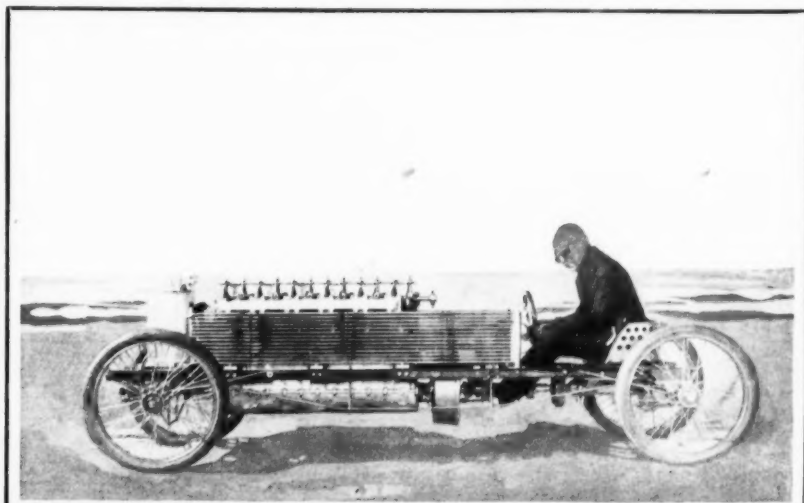
STEVENS BEATING SARTORI IN A CLOSE STRUGGLE IN THE THIRD HEAT OF THE KILOMETRE RACE—SARTORI AFTERWARD WON THE FIVE-MILE ORMOND HANDICAP.—*Spooner.*



H. L. BOWDEN MAKING A MILE IN 32 4-5 SECONDS, THE NEW WORLD'S RECORD. *Spooner.*



JOLLY MOTORISTS SKYLARKING BEFORE A RIDE. LEFT TO RIGHT: MR. BOWDEN, E. R. THOMAS, WINNER OF THE BROKAW CUP, MR. STEVENS, MR. BROKAW.—Photograph from *Brown Brothers.*



HENRY FORD, IN A FAST FORD RACER, WHO WAS PREVENTED FROM COMPETING BY AN ACCIDENT TO HIS MACHINE.

THE 'GREAT AUTOMOBILE MEET ON THE COAST OF FLORIDA.
CHIEF EVENTS AND LEADING PARTICIPANTS IN THE MIDWINTER RACES AT ORMOND, WHERE NEW WORLD'S RECORDS WERE MADE.

Jasper's Hints to Money-makers

[NOTICE.—Subscribers to LESLIE'S WEEKLY at the home office, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York, at the full subscription rates, namely, four dollars per annum, or two dollars for six months, are placed on what is known as "Jasper's Preferred List," entitling them to the early delivery of their papers and to answers in this column to inquiries on financial questions having relevancy to Wall Street, and, in emergencies, to answers by mail or telegraph. No additional charge is made for answering questions, and all communications are treated confidentially. A two-cent postage stamp should always be inclosed, as sometimes a personal reply is necessary. All inquiries should be addressed to "Jasper," Financial Editor LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York.]

THE SENSITIVENESS of the stock market and the fact—to which I have often referred—that "it is the unexpected that happens" were disclosed by the St. Petersburg outbreak. I have observed once or twice that the danger of a break in our stock market might come from the outside, and that the war between Russia and Japan might establish conditions precedent to a panic. France is the ally of Russia, and an enormous aggregate of French money is invested in Russian securities. A serious setback for Russia would naturally therefore cause timidity on the part of the holders of its securities, and this would be evidenced on the Paris bourse, or exchange, and would be reflected in Berlin and London. Such a situation would naturally lead to the sacrifice, especially in the London market, of our securities, and the result would be immediately felt in Wall Street.

While the Paris exchange is sensitive to Russian conditions, the London exchange is also in danger from another source, viz., the long-continued effort to strengthen the South African mining-share market. Vast amounts of English money have gone into the diamond and gold-mining companies of South Africa. Most of these pay no dividends, and all of them are highly speculative. The holders of these shares, bought at boom prices, have been eagerly awaiting an advance that would let them out, but have met nothing but disappointment. There have been sharp periods of liquidation and occasional recoveries, but the situation is such that any untoward event may compel still more violent liquidation to be followed by the sacrifice of many American securities. Ultimately, perhaps, English investors, disgusted with their experience in South African shares may be inclined to the American market for something better or safer.

I am more and more impressed with the belief that we cannot expect a boom year in Wall Street, and, that while money may be made on advances in a few specialties, for the most part we shall have a rather quiet and even liquidating market until a fair forecast of the crop outlook for the year can be had, somewhat later on.

The conduct of such corporation autocrats as Mr. Havemeyer must in time arouse a spirit of resentment that will compel corporations to make regular reports to their stockholders. The danger is that it will go still further and place corporations under such supervision and control as will involve great hardship to them, but if this condition should follow, corporations like the Sugar Trust will be simply paying the penalty for their own wrongdoing. I am not surprised that in some western States, where corporate influence is not as powerful in the legislative and executive offices as it is in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and New York, and some New England States, the popular demand for stricter control of corporations is making itself unmistakably felt. Governor Deneen, of Illinois, indicated in his first annual message that this opinion must be respected, and it is said that he is planning for a system of control and supervision of corporations by the State, so as to compel organized capital, incorporated under the laws of Illinois, to deal fairly and properly with the people.

President Roosevelt's determined move against the rebate, the private car, and other evils of the railway corporations is directed in the same line. Few appreciate the magnitude of these evils. It was recently shown in a hearing at Washington that while the actual cost of transporting coal from the anthracite fields to New York was less than eighty cents a ton, the railroad rate was \$1.55 per ton. The great railroads which have extensive anthracite properties of their own find no hardship in paying this extra cost of transportation, for it simply passes from one pocket to another. The hardship falls on the independent operator, who owns a coal mine but doesn't

own a railroad, and who finds that the cost of transportation puts him at a decided disadvantage in the coal market. Well, if he is not satisfied the great railroad corporation will buy his mine at its price, take him out of the field or leave him bankrupt, and strengthen its monopoly. This revelation shows how the tremendously inflated and three times bankrupted Erie Railroad, now that it has become a part of the anthracite coal pool, can pay dividends on its first preferred, and even talk of dividends on its enormous capitalization of common shares.

No wonder that the great railroad systems throughout the country are opposed to President Roosevelt's proposition, "that above all else we must strive to keep the highways of commerce open to all on equal terms, and to do this it is necessary to put a complete stop to all rebates." The President's proposition is that the Interstate Commerce Commission "should be vested with the power, where a given rate has been challenged, and after full hearing found to be unreasonable, to decide, subject to judicial review, what shall be a reasonable rate to take its place; the ruling of the commission to take effect immediately, and to obtain unless and until it is reversed by the court of review." The railroads object to this summary procedure. They want the question taken into court before the rate is changed. We all know what this means. Let the Northern Securities fight between two great railroad systems, which has now been going on for over three years and is still unsettled, tell the story.

If the President yields in this matter, under the tremendous pressure of all the great railroads of the country—a pressure so powerful that it is almost irresistible—he will sign his own political death-warrant; but I know him well enough to feel that yielding is the last thought in his mind, and the more quickly the railroads appreciate that fact and submit to the inevitable, the better it will be for them.

I observe that the railways have shrewdly started an organization with the formidable title of "The Association for Maintaining the Rights of Property," and that this mushroom body, which was created over night, is to be thrust into the foreground as if it were the New York Chamber of Commerce. It proposes to demonstrate to the President and to Congress (of course through the mouthpiece of an able lawyer) that a reduction of only one-tenth of a cent per ton of freight per mile will wipe out all

the interest of the stockholders of the railroads, and the reduction of another mill and a half will wipe out the interest paid to the bondholders and thus utterly destroy the value of the railway properties. Then we are told that there are 1,000,000 poor people, who are small policy-holders in Boston life-insurance companies, and that the value of their policies is dependent upon the preservation of the value of the railroad securities owned by the life-insurance companies. On top of this comes an eminent railroad manager, President Tuttle, of the Boston and Maine, who tells the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers that the President's policy, if carried out, will mean lower wages for a million or more persons who gain their livelihood directly from the railroads.

The answer that the President and Congress can make to such far-fetched appeals is this: "By what right have the railroads loaded their corporations with stocks and bonds aggregating many times the cost of the complete construction and equipment of the properties? By what right have the presidents of some of these roads, availing themselves of the power their positions have given them, bought the shares, at low prices, of non-paying collateral railways, and unloaded them at high prices on their own corporations, making payment to themselves by the issue of stocks and bonds which have been sold to the general public?" Let the Interstate Railway Commission be empowered to go into this subject from top to bottom, or let the new Department of Commerce take it up under the direction of the President, and we will add a few pages to the real history of our frenzied finance that will completely discount the weird conglomeration of fact, fancy, and fiction with which the bucket-shop pirate of Boston has been seeking to illuminate "Everybody" and his magazine.

"W. H.," Brockton, Mass.: What is "their position?"

"R.," Brooklyn, N. Y.: I had rather hold the preferred than the common.

"B. C. H.," Pittsburg, Penn.: Anonymous communications not answered.

"M.," Rochester, N. Y.: Thank you sincerely for the information, which is of considerable value.

"Notnac": 1. I am not able to recommend any one. The best do not care to carry small lots on margin. 2. Simply because it is more customary. 3. Can get no rating.

"L.," Holly Springs, Miss.: The firm that gave you the tip is only repeating Wall Street rumors. If industrial conditions continue to improve, C. and O. will no doubt improve with them.

"Investor," Danville, Penn.: 1. The bonds are subject to prior liens, but are fairly well secured. 2. I would prefer the St. Louis Southwestern con. 4s to the Colorado Midland 4s. They look the best on your list at present.

"F. W. W.": 1. Being in the hands of a receiver, and subject possibly to assessment, one runs his chances who buys it. 2. A good property and for that reason it may be absorbed by some other on a

favorable basis. 3. If your advice is reliable it might be well to follow it.

"B.," Helena, Mont.: 1. According to their high rating, yes. 2. Impossible to comply with such a sweeping request. On the railroad list St. Louis Southwestern and Texas Pacific, on reactions, and on the industrial list American Can preferred, Greene Con. Copper, and American Ice Pref. will probably give you opportunities. 3. Yes. 4. Advices were confidential.

"S.," Cohoes, N. Y.: The complications into which the Colorado Coal and Fuel Company has involved itself by its somewhat singular plan of financing, and the fact that a speculative crowd is in control, make me regard its securities rather suspiciously. They have speculative merit, no doubt. The property is very valuable, but the new issues of stocks and bonds have loaded it down.

"S.," Rochester, N. Y.: All sorts of rumors are in circulation about the Steel Trust, including one to the effect that when the common stock dropped below 15 it was bought on behalf of the company for the purpose of making the market so barren that the common could readily be put to par. Impossible to verify these statements. Under present conditions it would not look wise to sell the shares short.

"Lacawana": I would rather have American Ice Preferred than Mexican Central or United States Rubber common, though the last has been talked of for dividends for some time past. The statement that directors of American Grass and Twine, who were accused of paying unearned dividends, have turned over \$600,000 back into the treasury, may indicate better things for the stock, and perhaps account for its recent rise.

"Carolina": 1. Each share of American Ice preferred is entitled to \$16.50 of accrued dividends, which under the new plan is to be paid in a good 6 per cent bond, or in cash to the amount of about \$12. You must deduct this dividend payment, therefore, in making your calculations regarding the comparative value of the preferred and common. 2. The preferred is more attractive. 3. It ought to come out all right in the end. 4. Not until it is on a dividend-paying basis.

"Can.," Augusta, Ga.: I have no doubt that the American Can Company is meeting increasing competition, and that its patented devices, which have been considered of great value, may be rivaled by new inventions, perhaps equally good or better. For this reason the preferred stock has not been regarded as an investment, but in view of its recent large earnings and dividends it has been more popular than it was. I would therefore take my profit and be satisfied and let some one else have the last cent.

"Copper," Anaconda, Mont.: All copper shares have had a decided advance. They are naturally more speculative than railway or industrial securities of the better class. Granby is a British Columbia property. It has a capital of \$15,000,000, and the par of the shares is \$10. The first dividend of 1 per cent was paid about a year ago. The ore is of low grade, but the ore body is very large, and the management appears to be conservative. The stock has been recently selling at about half its par value, and has therefore looked cheap compared with some other copper shares.

"Subscriber," Amsterdam, N. Y.: 1. The annual meeting of General Electric is held April 15th. The quarterly dividend has just been paid. It is a highly capitalized corporation, which made enormous profits during the recent trolley-boom era. Increasing competition may diminish its business. The stock looks sufficiently high for an industrial. 2. Allis-Chalmers preferred paid its last quarterly dividend of 1 3/4 just about a year ago. It is doing a large business, and there has been talk of a resumption of dividends, but what action the directors will take remains to be seen. 3. The holder of any stock is entitled to dividends declared after he became the purchaser.

"Vindex": 1. In the hands of a receiver, and various reports regarding its control in circulation. None of them at this date official. Usually an assessment on the common follows a reorganization. 2. It must be obvious that changing conditions and possibilities of combinations make it quite impossible to give such a forecast. Watch weekly suggestions. 3. I hear good reports of Tennessee Copper. It is held largely by the Lewisohns; has a capital of \$5,000,000, par \$25, and \$500,000 in debenture bonds. A dividend of 5 per cent (\$1.25 per share) was paid January 25th. Similar dividends were paid in July, 1903, and January, 1904. 4. No quotation. 5. Yes; there is always danger from such a common as that in St. Petersburg, unless it is promptly suppressed. A panic in Russian securities would inevitably seriously affect the Paris bourse, and lead to the unloading of a large amount of American securities held abroad.

Continued on page 140.

Transplanting a Date Palm.

TREES ARE not worth their weight in gold in southern California, but they are very valuable, especially the date or feather-leaf palms, after they have attained ten or twelve years' growth. The prices for the date palm range from \$50 to \$250 each, and this is exclusive of the great expense required to dig up and transplant a large one. The illustration shows the process of digging up and the care that must be taken to excavate deep enough to keep from cutting the tap root. Myriads of smaller roots shoot in every direction, and the ground is taken up with them, making the tree heavy and difficult to move. It cost \$80 to transplant the tree seen in the picture six or seven feet, and in some instances they are carried several miles. As this palm weighed three tons, some idea can be had of the difficulties encountered in taking these trees any distance. The immense weight comes from the soil excavated with the roots. It requires an efficient and experienced man to manipulate and keep intact the bulb while the work of circumvallation is going on. Often thick sacking is carefully put around the roots and soil to prevent disintegration in case of a sudden jostle. Block and tackle and two big wagons are used to transport the trees any distance. It is no uncommon sight to meet in the roads adjacent to Los Angeles a team of eight horses pulling an immense palm-tree, roots, soil, and branches, to some new home in the suburbs. Small palms can be bought in nurseries for nominal sums, but it takes years for them to grow to a large size.



REMARKABLE FEAT OF TRANSPLANTING A BIG DATE-PALM. VALUABLE FRUIT-TREE AT LOS ANGELES, CAL., WEIGHING THREE TONS, DUG UP WITH GREAT DIFFICULTY AND REMOVED TO ANOTHER SPOT.

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Stronger Financially, and in the Confidence of the Public,
Than Ever Before

A Year of Greatest Gains in Progress, Security and Usefulness



Number of Policies
in force, nearly
6 Million

Increase in Number
of Policies in force, over
One-half Million

Paid Policyholders
during 1904, over
13 Million Dollars

Total Payments
to Policyholders, December 31,
1904, over
92 Million Dollars

Increase in Assets
over
16 Million Dollars

Cash Dividends
and other concessions, not stipulated in
original contracts, and voluntarily given to
holders of old Policies, to date, over
5 Million Dollars

Life Insurance Issued and Paid for during 1904, over 312 Million Dollars

LARGEST IN THE HISTORY OF THE COMPANY

OVER ONE BILLION DOLLARS

LIFE INSURANCE IN FORCE

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President

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Home Office, Newark, N. J.

TWENTY-NINTH ANNUAL STATEMENT JANUARY 1, 1905

ASSETS

BONDS AND MORTGAGES	\$15,682,358.73
3309 All First Liens on Property, valued at	\$40,882,977.19
REAL ESTATE owned by the Company	12,494,957.86
RAILROAD BONDS	27,681,596.87
MUNICIPAL AND MISCELLANEOUS BONDS	10,141,196.00
UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT BONDS	105,375.00
NATIONAL BANK AND TRUST COMPANY STOCKS	4,200,400.00
Total Market Value of above Bonds and Stocks	\$42,128,567.87
Total Cost Value of above Bonds and Stocks	40,697,570.44
INCREASE IN VALUE OF BONDS AND STOCKS OVER COST	\$1,430,997.43
CASH IN 259 BANKS AND TRUST COMPANIES throughout the United States, and cash in office (\$6,154,811.25 on Interest)	6,832,683.09
INTEREST AND RENTS, due and accrued	641,775.85
LOANS ON COLLATERAL SECURITIES	5,665,100.00
Bonds and Stocks, having Market Value of	\$7,549,322.00
Excess of Market Value over amount Loaned, showing margin of security of	1,884,222.00
LOANS TO POLICYHOLDERS	2,427,950.12
On the security of their Policies—the Reserve Value on their Policies being	\$4,427,238.00
SEMI-ANNUAL AND QUARTERLY PREMIUMS not yet due, and Premiums in course of collection (Reserve charged in Liabilities)	2,888,911.65
Total Assets	\$88,762,305.17

LIABILITIES

RESERVE, Legal and Special	\$73,954,919.00
Amount held to Protect Policy Contracts	
ALL OTHER LIABILITIES	1,481,519.84
Policy Claims, including those in process of adjustment; Premiums paid in advance; Unearned Interest on Policy Loans; Bills awaiting presentation for payment, etc.	
SURPLUS TO POLICYHOLDERS	13,325,866.33
Total Liabilities	\$88,762,305.17

FIFTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. OF PHILADELPHIA

Net Assets, Jan. 1, 1904, at book value.....\$58,641,032 70

RECEIPTS DURING THE YEAR:

For Premiums and Annuities.....\$13,318,584 22
For Interest, etc.....3,456,917 36 16,775,501 58
\$75,416,534 28

DISBURSEMENTS:

Claims by Death.....\$3,161,732 75
Matured Endowments and Annuities.....1,320,032 86
Surrender Values.....980,462 26
Premium Abatements.....880,546 64
Total Paid Policy-Holders.....\$6,342,774 51
Installment Payments.....\$100,709 05
Pennsylvania, and other state taxes.....398,536 25
Salaries, Medical Fees, Office and Legal Expenses.....524,304 06
Commissions to Agents and Rents.....1,821,268 90
Agency and other Expenses.....119,083 82
Advertising, Printing and Supplies.....97,643 48
Office Furniture, Maintenance of Properties, etc. 145,556 79 9,549,876 86

Net Assets, Jan. 1, 1905.....\$65,866,657 42

*In addition to the above abatements the Company allotted to deferred dividend policies \$594,444.09, making the total apportionment of surplus during 1904, \$1,474,990.73.

Added to Reserve, \$6,176,744.00.

New Business of the Year, 33,871 Policies for.....\$80,386,199 00

Insurance Outstanding December 31, 1904, 145,246 Policies for.....\$42,676,444 00

ASSETS:

City Loans, Railroad and other Bonds (Market value, \$26,917,150).....\$26,314,205 50
Bank and other Stocks (Market value, \$524,152 50).....487,610 37
Mortgages and Ground Rents, 1st Liens (Valuation, \$58,000,000).....24,528,104 02
Premium Notes, secured by Policies, etc. Reserve value, \$2,500,000.....1,589,899 36
Policy Loans (Reserve value, \$8,000,000).....5,194,192 00
Loans on Bonds, Stocks, etc. Market value, \$6,400,000.....2,984,719 50
Home Office, Boston Office and other Real Estate.....3,042,105 24
Cash in Banks, Trust Companies, and on hand.....925,821 43
Net Ledger Assets.....\$65,866,657 42
Net Deferred and Unreported Premiums.....1,797,712 96
Interest Due and Accrued, etc.....617,521 50
Market Value of Stocks and Bonds over cost.....639,486 63
Gross Assets, Jan. 1, 1905.....\$68,921,378 51

LIABILITIES:

Reserve at 3, 3½ and 4 per cent.....\$59,387,410 00
Death Claims reported, but awaiting proof.....341,095 36
Surplus on Unreported Policies, etc.....232,252 67
Surplus Accumulated upon Special Forms of Policies.....\$4,320,593 86
Surplus for all other Contingencies.....4,640,026 62
Total Surplus.....8,960,620 48
Gross Assets, as above.....\$68,921,378 51

HARRY F. WEST, PRESIDENT.

WILLIAM H. KINGSLEY, SECRETARY AND TREASURER.

NOTICE.

You can now, for a short time, secure an interest with the owners in the **BEST MINING PROPOSITION** ever submitted for subscription. This investment secures an interest in gold properties in **THUNDER MOUNTAIN** and other sections in Idaho. Also **TONOPAH, GOLDFIELD** and vicinity in Nevada and great copper properties in **Southwest ARIZONA**. If you want to get into real mining and make a large profit, **SIGN THE COUPON BELOW AND MAIL AT ONCE.**

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Advertise in Leslie's Weekly

Jasper's Hints to Money-makers.

Continued from page 139.

"S. S. T." New York: Yes.
"S." Brooklyn, N. Y.: Very shortly, I am told.
"U." Selins Grove, Penn.: Do not recommend them.
"Franklin": I would even up and take my chances.
"B." Pittsburg, Penn.: Between \$2,500,000 and \$3,000,000.
"B." New Haven, Conn.: Nothing known of it on Wall Street.
"M." Cincinnati, O.: Nothing known about it on Wall Street.
"C. M." Pensacola: 1. Nothing new developed; would not sacrifice. 2. Fairly good.
"C. M. J." Lawrence, Mass.: It has been made speculatively active, but is not an investment.
"A." Cambridge, Minn.: You are mistaken. I never commended the properties. I am not responsible for advertisements.
"W." Columbus, Ohio: I do not regard the Brewery bonds as a first-class investment. In an emergency it might be difficult to dispose of them, except at a sacrifice.
"R. W." Philadelphia, Penn.: I would not be in a hurry. A pool is said to be operating in American Malt preferred, and no doubt desires to accumulate at the lowest level.
"Rhoda": America Car Foundry common represents nothing but water. I am told that this company and Railway Steel Spring are meeting more competition this year than had been anticipated.
"B. A. C." Galveston: 1. Very little attention is paid to Lawson now. The sensation is over, for the present, at least. 2. The Clover-Leaf stocks offer a fair field for speculation. 3. The preferred looks the better.
"G." Cincinnati, O.: 1. Va.-Car. Chemical common pays no dividend. 2. The last was paid in June, 1903. 3. Yes. 4. Have not seen it. 5. I cannot tell. 6. Very likely. 7. Its earnings as reported are large. 8. As long as you can maintain your margins.
"X. X." Norwich, Conn.: 1. I have pointed out the fact that the present Ice preferred will receive 16 1-2 per cent. in back dividends. You must deduct this, therefore, in your calculations. 2. American Chiclé common, paying 12 per cent. per annum, looks like one of the cheapest of the industrials. I advised its purchase at half the present price. 3. Because they are still to demonstrate their earning power.
"N. H. C." Scranton, Penn.: While I advised the purchase of Con. Lake Superior at considerably less than going prices, and am never so enthusiastic over a stock that has shown such an advance, still I

believe that if the revival in the iron industry has a permanent quality, the new Lake Superior Corporation will participate largely in the beneficial results. You are right with reference to the distribution of the new stock and bonds.

"J." Canada: 1. Southern Pacific preferred is a safer purchase than the common, and offers a fair opportunity for a speculative investment. 2. Talk of an increased dividend on Soo common does not seem to be official. The preferred is not selling as high as other 7 per cent. railroad shares. 3. All copper stocks must be highly speculative. Greene and Amalgamated are as good as any on the list, and I am told that the latter has been constantly accumulated by insiders, but it is a very close corporation.
"Banker," Ohio: 1. The holder of 100 shares of American Ice preferred would, as I understand the new plan, receive about \$1,650 in the new 6 per cent. bonds in payment of his accrued dividends, or these bonds would be taken by underwriters at 70, which would give about \$1,200 cash, if cash were preferred. 2. I have explained heretofore that the new plan provides a holding company with \$20,000,000 capital, \$15,000,000 of which is to be exchanged, share for share, for the present preferred stock, and the balance of \$5,000,000 for the present common on a basis of one of new for five of the old. 3. You can figure out the price of the new stock accordingly.

"J." Goshen, N. Y.: 1. The Granby is heavily capitalized, and paid a dividend of 10 cents a share in December, 1903. It owns extensive mines in British Columbia, and its smelting capacity is being increased. On the basis of its par value of \$10 you observe that it is now selling over 50. 2. Not much choice at present. The payment of \$16.50 in 6 per cent. bonds on every share of American Ice preferred to meet accrued dividends would, at present market prices, leave the cost of the stock only about \$20 a share, and on the basis of a capitalization reduced to \$20,000,000 the stock ought to have a better future. If dividends on Railway Steel Spring common are to be advanced in April, the stock should naturally indicate that fact by increasing strength.

"B." Rye Beach, N. H.: Union Pacific on reactions looks attractive because of its persistent strength, which indicates either far greater intrinsic value than the stock has been generally credited with, or, as I have long suspected, a contest for control. Steel Trust preferred, paying 7 per cent., sells lower than several 7 per cent. preferred industrials, and for that reason, if the iron industry continues to improve, it may be advanced toward par. But the enormous over-capitalization of the trust is bound ultimately to invite a reduction of the tariff, especially on steel rails. If the resolution pending in Congress for a thorough investigation of the trust should be adopted, and if a report were fairly and honestly made, the effect would scarcely be helpful to Steel Trust shares. I prefer the Wabash debenture Bs to Wabash preferred. The strength of St. Louis Southwestern preferred is significant. It has been noticeable for some time, and I therefore recommended its purchase just before the rise began. Its friends insist that it will sell much higher.

Continued on page 141.

Just Say:

Send me a Dollar Pair
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RHEUMATISM

of every nature—chronic or acute, muscular, sciatic, Lumbago, Gout, etc., no matter where located or how severe.

The drafts are worn on the soles of the feet without inconvenience, and cure by drawing out and absorbing the poisonous acids and pain-causing impurities from the blood through the great foot-pores. Try them at home when you get them. Then if you are fully satisfied with the benefit received you can send us **One Dollar**. If not, keep your money. **You Decide**. You try the drafts entirely at our expense and risk, and you can see that we couldn't afford to make such a wonderful offer if they didn't cure.

Magic Foot Drafts are producing marvelous results. They are curing some of the worst cases on record, after doctors and all other treatments had failed.
Z. H. Palmer, Pittsburg, writes that the Drafts cured him after 28 years of suffering.
They cured T. S. Curtis, Erie, Pa., at the age of 82 years.
Geo. J. Nolan, Bathurst, Canada, was cured after 20 years of other expensive treatments.
Mrs. Z. J. Smith, of San Francisco, Cal., writes: "Magic Foot Drafts have cured my husband of rheumatism, and never have I paid out a dollar that is sent so willingly as this."
"I was relieved after wearing them (Magic Foot Drafts) 24 hours." Emma O'Reilly, Buford, Wyo.

Remember—it costs you nothing to try the Drafts—and a dollar is little to pay if cured. A scientific booklet (in colors) on Rheumatism comes free with the Drafts, all prepaid. Write to-day. Do it now! **MAGIC FOOT DRAFT CO., Ry 9 Oliver Bldg., Jackson, Mich.**

are of German manufacture, and are being sold by Edinburgh agents at about \$77.86 each.

A Market for Slicing-machines.

THERE IS likely to be a permanent demand for ham- and bacon-slicing machines among grocers and butchers throughout Scotland, as such have been successfully introduced, and those who have purchased find them to be of such utility as to be unwilling to dispense with them. The machines in use in Scotland



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The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has arranged for a special personally-conducted tour through California, to leave New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington on February 16, by the "Golden Gate Special," composed exclusively of Pullman parlor-smoking, dining, drawing-room sleeping, compartment, and observation cars, returning by March 21. This special train will be run over the entire route. The best hotels will be used where extended stops are made, but the train will be at the constant command of the party.

Round-trip tickets covering all necessary expenses, \$175 from all points on Pennsylvania Railroad except Pittsburgh, from which point the rate will be \$370. For itineraries and further information apply to ticket agents: C. Studds, Eastern Passenger Agent, 263 Fifth Avenue, New York; Hugh Hasson, Jr., Passenger Agent Baltimore District, Baltimore, Md.; B. M. Newbold, Passenger Agent Southeastern District, Washington, D.C.; Thomas E. Watt, Passenger Agent Western District, Pittsburgh, Pa.; or address George W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia.

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Jasper's Hints to Money-makers.

Continued from page 140.

"C. S." Cincinnati, O.: Not favorable.
"W." Susquehanna: L. Reports not altogether favorable. 2. It has no standing. 3. No.
"L." Columbus, Ohio: Such stocks are obviously highly speculative, and very little information regarding them can be obtained.

"W." Mount Pleasant: American Ice preferred, considering the 16 1-2 per cent. of accrued dividends to which it is entitled, looks cheaper than the common.

"F." Hoboken, N. J.: I would keep my Ice preferred and accept payment of accrued dividend in bonds. One good hot summer will go a long way toward putting the new stock on the road to dividends.

"Novice." Brooklyn: The future of Montreal and Boston Copper depends upon whether insiders will come to its relief, as they undoubtedly should. If they furnish the money necessary to carry it through its present difficulties the company can be rehabilitated. I am told that it has valuable properties.

"D." St. Louis: I know of none that I regard as of particular value. St. Louis Southwestern preferred on its earnings looks like a good speculation. Southern Pacific preferred, paying 7 per cent., has a more promising investment quality, especially as assurances have been given that the privilege of redemption at an early date at 115 will be waived.

"E. B." New York: Chicago Gas, paying 6 per cent., would be cheap at prevailing prices, compared with other stocks of its class, but for the fact that the public sentiment of Chicago seems to be adverse to local gas interests. The disposition of some of our largest cities to run their own gas plants and to reduce the price of gas must be taken into account.

"K." Toledo, O.: 1. Just now the Japanese government bonds are regarded more favorably, but the war may not be over, and it is the general belief that Russia will continue the contest with a purpose of exhausting Japan's resources. In that event the Japanese bonds would not maintain their present standing. The Toledo St. Louis 4s are nearer home. 2. The first. 3. It makes no difference.

"H. M." Waterbury, Conn.: If the stockholders of the Ladue Mining Company have common sense, they will promptly get together and engage an attorney to protect their rights. The manner in which this concern has been handled I regard as most discreditable. The proposition to dissolve the corporation would not have my consent for an instant if I were a stockholder. An investigation should be demanded.

"K." St. Paul, Minn.: 1. Unless you sell to take your profit, there need be no haste in realizing except in fear of a decided reaction from unexpected happenings. While American Woolen common may not be a dividend, the earnings of the company give a fair speculative quality to the stock. If the revival in the iron industry continues, it must ultimately be favorable to Con. Lake Superior. The shipping industry is in better shape, and the Int. Mer. Marine shares are showing it. The prospect of subsidy legislation is said to be improving. 2. I know of none. 3. Know nothing about it except what was written, and that was in the nature of an advertisement, I understand.

"T." Rochester, N. Y.: 1. I would not sacrifice my City Bank stock. I am advised on the highest authority that President Stillman was not cognizant of the action of Vice-President Loomis in connecting himself with a discredited mining pool which has recently led to unfavorable comment. The promptness with which the vice-president's resignation was accepted indicates that the bank disavowed his proceeding, as it certainly should have done. The City Bank is one of the greatest institutions of its kind in the world, and some day its stock ought to be worth much more than the present selling price. 2. I had rather have St. Louis Southwestern preferred than American Can preferred for a long pull.

"G." Seneca Falls: Corn Products preferred, paying 7 per cent., would be regarded as very cheap if the company were in the hands of a more progressive, conservative, and competent management. The speculative element has too much to do with it also. I am told that an effort was made to reach an agreement with its competitors regarding price and output, and that this fell through largely because of the action of the Corn Products management. All successful industrial corporations have succeeded mainly because they have controlled prices and output, and until the management of Corn Products realizes this fact it must meet increasing competition and decreasing profits. Nevertheless, I regard the preferred as not unattractive at prevailing prices, though, of course, somewhat speculative. It is safer than almost any mining proposition because the latter lacks the element of permanency. I believe that both Greene Con. Copper and Amalgamated will ultimately sell higher, and that dividends on both will be increased, if reports made by inside interests are to be relied upon.

NEW YORK, February 2d, 1905.

JASPER.

A Book for Investors.

THE difficulty investors find in keeping track of the dates of interest and dividend payments is most annoying, but fortunately it need no longer exist. With the issue of Moody's "Coupon and Dividend Register," published by the same concern which issues the well-known Moody's "Manual of Railroad and Corporation Securities," an immense amount of labor is eliminated, and the banker, broker, coupon clerk, or investor is now able, by referring to this new book, to ascertain at a glance where and when all coupons and dividends are payable. The publishers issued a first edition of this book a year ago. It was necessarily incomplete, as first editions usually are, but much careful work has resulted in making the new edition, just issued, a very comprehensive and important affair. In it there are listed in all over 16,000 bond issues of all kinds, alphabetically arranged. This book will in time become as indispensable to the progressive banker or broker as Moody's "Manual" is conceded to be. The price is \$5 per copy. It is published by the Moody Publishing Company, 35 Nassau Street, New York City.

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[NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of readers of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*. No charge is made for answers to inquiries regarding life-insurance matters, and communications are treated confidentially. A stamp should always be inclosed, as a personal reply is sometimes deemed advisable. Address "Hermit," *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York.]

SOME WEEKS ago reference was made in this column to the death of a Chicago business man, Mr. Charles Netcher, just after he had taken out a life policy for \$500,000 and had paid his first premium. The incident was notable from the fact that the policy was said to be the largest ever issued by a single company to a citizen of Chicago. An interesting sequel of this little story is found in a press dispatch in which we are informed that Mrs. Netcher, the widow of the man to whom reference was made, and the heir of his vast fortune, has followed the excellent example of her departed helpmeet and insured her own life for \$500,000. This risk was taken, however, by four of the big New York companies instead of one, as in the case of Mr. Netcher, one of the companies taking \$200,000 and the other three \$100,000 each. Less than half a dozen women in the world carry \$500,000 insurance on their lives. Miss Helen M. Gould is one of them. Insurance upon the lives of women will doubtless increase in great volume in the immediate future, since nearly all the leading life companies have abolished all distinctions in the policies issued to men and women. Why such distinctions to the detriment of women should ever have existed it is difficult to understand, since women are as long-lived as men.

"J. P." Kansas: Too much is offered for too little.

"H." Ann Arbor, Mich.: It stands equally well, and the policies are much alike, with slight variations.

"D." Terrell, Texas: You must write to the publisher. I simply commented on the work, and have nothing to do with the circulation of the book.

"C. W." New Jersey: Under the terms of the policy I am inclined to believe that the company can maintain its position. It might be well to consult a lawyer if it is worth while to go to the expense.

"M." Moorestown, N. J.: I am not favorably impressed with the scheme. It would be far more satisfactory for you to do business direct with one of the best and strongest companies. Avoid new-fangled notions in life-insurance. Take only the best and be willing to pay for it.

"R." Buffalo: The proposition is entirely unreasonable, and, as I have repeatedly said, does not therefore commend itself to conservative men. There should be no thought of speculation in the matter of life insurance. Safety should be the prime consideration.

"W." Napa, Cal.: The Penn Mutual is a very old and a very strong company. The policy you speak of ought to be thoroughly examined by you as to the guarantee to which the agent refers. If you find that guarantee in the policy it is good, but unless it is there the agent's word does not make it a contract.

"F." Hartford, Conn.: The report of the New York insurance department on the Washington Life showed that there was an impairment last year of the company's capital, but this, it is stated, has been fully met by the putting in of \$375,000 of new capital. The company is now being reorganized and stronger men have been placed in the directory.

"K." Park City, Utah: It is extremely difficult for new companies, and especially those with limited capital and little or no business, to compete with well-established, strong, old-line companies. For this reason all sorts of inducements are offered by new companies to secure policy-holders. Life insurance should always have security and permanence rather than cheapness for its best elements.

The Hermit.

A "Frank and Fearless" Weekly.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY is another fine type of the illustrated journal. Its management is marked by enterprise and up-to-dateness. Every number contains something worth while. It has been keeping close watch on the progress of the war in the East, and its articles and illustrations have contributed to a correct understanding of the course events have taken. It is frank and fearless in its discussion of the questions of the day.—*Lutheran Observer.*

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